THE SEEHUND

Written by

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The roar of a TRUCK ENGINE slowly grows louder.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A SIGN reads "NEW JERSEY NAVAL MUSEUM".

A HYDRAULIC TRUCK CRANE and a TRACTOR TRAILER drive through a dark, desolate parking lot and come to a stop.

MASKED MAN 1 marches toward a SEEHUND TYPE XXVII B5 127 MODEL SUBMARINE, which is a WWII mini-submarine.

MASKED MAN 2 works the controls inside the crane's operating cabin.

The crane's BOOM rises up into the air and lowers a DOUBLE HOOK CABLE down toward the Seehund.

MASKED MAN 3 scans the parking lot, acting as a lookout.

The crane lifts the Seehund off of its pedestal and lowers it into the 18-wheeler's trailer.

Masked man 1 enters the Seehund's HATCH DOOR.

A TARP ROLLER slides over the trailer, concealing the Seehund from our view.

The truck crane and the tractor trailer drive away.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

A cramped vessel. A decrepit green Captain's seat. Rusty knobs. 1940's-era gauges. Exposed wiring.

A man with his back to us works on the MAGNETIC COMPASS. We hear the tractor trailer accelerate.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

The truck crane and the tractor trailer enter a warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAWN

"HONEST" ABE RICHARDS stands behind the tractor trailer. He's in his 40's. Exudes a quiet confidence. Average height and build. A native of Iowa. Has rock-solid Midwestern values. HAKU GOLDEN marches alongside the tractor trailer. He's 25. Short. Stocky. Smart. A touch arrogant. Thinks he's invincible. A Hawaiian of Polynesian descent.

WALTER BIGGS marches alongside the truck crane. He's a black man in his mid 30's. Bald. Tall. Strapping. Has a nasty facial scar. Quiet disposition. Talks with a Southern drawl.

Golden and Biggs meet Richards behind the tractor trailer.

RICHARDS

Good work, men. Go home. Shower. Get to work. Stick to the plan.

Golden and Biggs nod and march away.

EXT. RICHARDS' HOUSE - DAWN

The sun creeps above a quaint suburban home. A FOR SALE SIGN sits in the front yard.

A car with VIRGINIA LICENSE PLATES drives into the garage, which is half full of FURNITURE.

INT. RICHARDS' KITCHEN - MORNING

MOVING BOXES sit on the floor. Stacks of PLATES and rows of GLASSES sit on a counter. The cabinets are all empty.

Richards sits at a snack tray, eating oatmeal, reading an article from a WWII HISTORY MAGAZINE.

A PHOTO shows Richards sitting on the ABRAHAM LINCOLN MEMORIAL STATUE. A caption reads "THE TWO HONEST ABE'S".

Richards' wife, SARAH enters. She's in her 40's. Attractive. Has a kind way about her. A country girl at heart.

Judging from a nearby PHOTO, it's obvious that Richards and Sarah were HIGH SCHOOL SWEETHEARTS.

A PHOTO shows Richards, Sarah and their 6 year old son, JAKE.

RICHARDS Get any sleep, honey?

SARAH Those sleeping pills that Doctor Shaw gave me really did the trick. You get any sleep?

Richards zones out, staring at the magazine.

SARAH (CONT'D) Will you quit reading that magazine for just one minute.

Richards snaps out his daze.

RICHARDS

What?

SARAH Did you get any sleep?

RICHARDS

No.

Richards drifts into deep thought. Sarah is puzzled by her husband's strange behavior.

SARAH

Are you ok?

Richards doesn't respond. His mind is working overtime.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Abe!

The yell jolts Richards out of his funk.

RICHARDS I'm Fine. Just a little tired.

SARAH What did you do all night?

Richards pauses, thinking "I stole a Seehund, honey". But he decides to sidestep the question.

RICHARDS This magazine has a really good article about Seehunds.

SARAH Seehunds? Like Sea Lions?

RICHARDS No. A Seehund is a World War II mini-submarine. They were 39 feet long, 5 and a half feet wide, could travel at a speed of 8 miles per--

The PHONE RINGS. Sarah is startled. Her body shudders. Anxiety fills her face. She warily answers the phone.

SARAH

Hello.

Sarah listens. Her mood darkens. She puts the phone down.

RICHARDS Sarah, who was it?

SARAH How's your schedule this afternoon?

RICHARDS

Why?

SARAH Jake's doctor wants to speak with us at 3 O'clock.

RICHARDS

About what?

Sarah starts crying. Richards fears for the worst.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Is Jake all right?

SARAH

I don't know.

RICHARDS What did the doctor say?

SARAH She wants to speak with us in person.

Richards rises to his feet and comforts Sarah. She stops crying and looks at her husband for encouragement but all he can muster is--

RICHARDS Jake's gonna get through this. He's a tough kid.

SARAH You better get to work.

RICHARDS I'll see you at three. Ok?

Sarah nods and starts bawling.

EXT. PENTAGON - MORNING

A shot of the PENTAGON BUILDING. The WASHINGTON MONUMENT is visible in the distance.

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

A MILITARY MAN in dress uniform marches down a hallway. A WOMAN passes by in the opposite direction.

WOMAN Good morning, Colonel Richards.

Turns out that Richards is a MARINE COLONEL.

RICHARDS

Morning.

Richards marches down the hallway and enters a door.

INT. RECEPTIONIST AREA - MORNING

Richards marches past a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY Hello, Colonel Richards.

RICHARDS Morning. Have Captain Golden and Sergeant Biggs report to my office, please.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Richards sits at his desk, reviewing a piece of PAPER.

Captain Haku Golden and Sergeant Walter Biggs enter. They're dressed in military uniforms. They salute Richards and stand at attention.

RICHARDS Morning, Marines.

GOLDEN/BIGGS (in unison) Morning, Sir.

RICHARDS

If either of you have misgivings about what we're planning to do, it's not too late to opt out. Golden and Biggs don't say a word.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) All right. Time to begin phase two of our plan. Questions?

Golden and Biggs don't say a word.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Good answer.

Richards hands a piece of PAPER to Golden. He studies it.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Captain, get everything on the list and bring it to the warehouse.

GOLDEN

(re: the paper) Where am I supposed to find a diesel engine this size?

RICHARDS Figure it out, Golden.

GOLDEN

(re: the paper) And how am I supposed to pay for all of this stuff?

RICHARDS

The same way we got the Seehund. Dismissed.

Golden salutes Richards, marches away and exits the room.

Richards and Biggs lock eyes. They share an intimate trust that can only be gained by serving in combat together.

> BIGGS You look like hemorrhage crap.

> RICHARDS Still better looking than you.

BIGGS In your dreams. Sir, I, um--

RICHARDS (interrupts)

I'm too tired for any BS, Sergeant. Just say what you need to say.

BIGGS

I don't trust Golden. We're gonna be under a lot of pressure. I don't think the kid can hack it.

RICHARDS

He'll be fine. We can count on him. He's a good soldier.

BIGGS

He has that weird surfer dude thing going and he's a bit of a smartass.

RICHARDS

He's just young.

BIGGS

Maybe. Maybe-not. He didn't serve with us in Iraq. How's he gonna react under pressure?

RICHARDS He did fine last night, didn't he?

BIGGS We weren't under any real pressure.

RICHARDS

Fair enough. But he did a great job, though, didn't he?

BIGGS

Well, yes. He's inexperienced and he shouldn't be going on this mission with us. He's a liability.

RICHARDS

We both know Golden is qualified. That kid reminds me of someone I used to know a long time ago.

Richards stares at Biggs.

BIGGS

Who? Me?

RICHARDS

Yeah! You!

BIGGS I was nothing like Golden when I was 25. RICHARDS Were too. Down to the same stupid smirk and invincible attitude.

Biggs smiles, knowing this true.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) We need three men to pull off this caper of ours. I'm in a bind. Jake is running out of time, Biggsy.

Biggs nods knowingly.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

POLITICIANS and MILITARY TYPES sit at a table. A TV shows a photo of a SUSPECTED TERRORIST.

ANALYST (O.S.) (monotone voice) Emanuel Mohammed. 35. Brown hair. Brown eyes. 5' 10". 180 pounds.

HORACE TOTENKOPF studies each person at the table. This welldressed man is the FBI DIRECTOR. 50's. A skilled statesman.

> ANALYST (O.S.) (CONT'D) Suspected of bombing U.S. Embassy in Syria. Believed to be residing in Newark, New Jersey.

Totenkopf stops at Richards, who has his HAND ON HIS FOREHEAD and his PINKY FINGER ON HIS NOSE.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Richards cleans his hands at a sink. Totenkopf walks to the adjacent sink and cleans his hands.

TOTENKOPF Colonel Richards.

RICHARDS Director Totenkopf.

TOTENKOPF I couldn't decide if you were in deep thought or if you were gonna fall asleep during the debriefing.

Richards knows he's being tested. He's never failed a test.

RICHARDS

That meeting was a waste of time. Rule one of war: know your enemy. Our enemy wants to kill us. They hate our way of life. We can't negotiate with them. We can't reason with them. What's left: sleep.

TOTENKOPF That's why we call you Honest Abe. Always to the point. How's Sarah?

RICHARDS

Fine.

TOTENKOPF

And Jake?

RICHARDS We're taking it one day at a time.

Richards looks like he's gonna cry. Totenkopf sympathizes.

TOTENKOPF My granddaddy always used to say: when you feel like giving up, remember why you held on for so long in the first place.

RICHARDS Those are words to live by, Sir.

TOTENKOPF They are. My door is always open if you ever need to talk or if you ever need anything. I mean it, Abe.

RICHARDS

Thanks, Horace.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

An elevator door slides open.

Sarah and Richards exit with grim faces. They shuffle past BALD CANCER PATIENTS, who slouch on wheelchairs.

A NURSE waves to Sarah and Richards.

NURSE Jake had a rough night. He's still sleeping. SARAH Thanks, Jill. We'll be quiet.

NURSE Ring me if you need anything.

RICHARDS

We will.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAKE'S ROOM - DAY

Sarah and Richards look at Jake, who sleeps on a bed. He's a CANCER PATIENT. Bald. Gaunt. Has an IV in his arm.

SARAH Why does God allow bad things to happen to children?

RICHARDS To test us. God wants to see if we'll fight for Jake's life, no matter the cost.

Sarah eyes her husband. God he's acting weird lately.

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A bleak office. No windows. Dismal furniture. Dreary gray walls. Dead flowers sit in a waterless vase.

Sarah and Richards sit down on rickety little chairs.

A DOCTOR sits at a desk, eyeing a file. She's in her 50's. Lacks people skills. Has stringy hair and sunken eye sockets.

DOCTOR

Jacob's--

RICHARDS (interrupts) His name is Jake.

DOCTOR (indifferent) Jacob's chemotherapy treatments have successfully stopped the spread of cancer in his body.

Sarah and Richards exchange relieved looks.

SARAH That's great news. The stern look on the Doctor's face indicates otherwise.

RICHARDS What's the matter?

The PHONE RINGS. Sarah is startled. The Doctor answers and has a chat about a GOLF OUTING in the morning.

DOCTOR I'll meet you in the clubhouse at nine. We'll hit the course and eat afterwards.

The Doctor smiles, revealing YELLOW TEETH. She puts the phone down, grabs a CIGARETTE and points to it.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) You mind if I smoke? I've been working since five.

Sarah and Richards exchange dumbfounded looks.

RICHARDS Are you a brain-dead idiot?

SARAH

Abe.

DOCTOR

Excuse me?!

RICHARDS Our son has cancer and you have the gall to smoke right in front of us!

DOCTOR Mr. Richards, control your temper or I'll call security!

RICHARDS

I'm very sorry.

The Doctor lights up her cigarette and takes a drag. Sarah and Richards sit there like fools.

DOCTOR Jacob's body hasn't responded as we had anticipated, so we had an MRI performed on his brain.

SARAH What did you find?

DOCTOR

A malignant neoplasm, a brain tumor. In this case, approximately four centimeters in diameter.

Sarah and Richards are floored by this bad news.

RICHARDS A brain tumor?

SARAH

What's a neoplasm?

DOCTOR

An abnormal growth of tissue that grows by cellular proliferation more rapidly than normal.

Sarah and Richards are speechless.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) Now, this neoplasm is a high-grade brain tumor, most probably a grade 4 brain tumor.

RICHARDS Grade 4? Is it terminal?

SARAH

What do we do?

DOCTOR

Well, a brain tumor of this nature is fast moving and very aggressive. Time is of the essence. We must act quickly and decisively--

RICHARDS

(interrupts irrationally) But Jake's only six years old.

DOCTOR

Mr. Richards, I understand your frustration but age has no--

SARAH

(interrupts) How could Jake possibly have a brain tumor?

DOCTOR

Genetic abnormalities, exposure to chemicals, there are countless possibilities. (MORE)

DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Bottom line, we've tried everything. Jacob's only hope is to have brain surgery.

SARAH But you said the chemo would work.

DOCTOR

The only option that remains is to have a brain specialist surgically remove the neoplasm.

RICHARDS Brain surgery? There must be something else we can try first?

DOCTOR

I'm afraid not.

SARAH I can't believe this is happening.

DOCTOR Well, it is. If we're successful in removing this neoplasm, it'll take Jacob a very long time to recover.

Sarah and Richards nod hopelessly.

DOCTOR (CONT'D) Before we proceed, you need to speak with the billing department to arrange a payment plan.

SARAH Are you saying that you're not gonna do anything else until the hospital gets paid?

DOCTOR I don't handle billing inquires. Hospital rules.

INT. HOSPITAL - BILLING OFFICE - DAY

Sarah and Richards stare in disbelief at a HOSPITAL BILL.

A kind-hearted but helpless CLERICAL NURSE sits at a desk.

SARAH \$226,000?! Is that after our insurance has kicked in?

CLERICAL NURSE

Yes. You've exceeded the monetary cap that your insurance company will cover.

SARAH

Cheap bastards! Sky-high premiums for nothing!

CLERICAL NURSE I am sorry.

SARAH

(reading from the bill) Other therapeutic services: \$1,550. Level I evaluation: \$1,800. Jake didn't get half of this stuff. What do these terms even mean?

CLERICAL NURSE You can contest the bill.

SARAH Will it do any good?

CLERICAL NURSE You might be able to negotiate the total amount down by 20 percent.

SARAH At best we'd only cut like \$45,000 off of the bill?

CLERICAL NURSE Yes. Also, the fee schedule for Jake's brain surgery is itemized on page 4.

Sarah flips to page 4. She studies the bill and grows mad.

SARAH How can anyone afford to pay these astronomical prices?!

RICHARDS What are our payment options?

CLERICAL NURSE

The hospital administration wants you to pay the total outstanding debt and 50 percent of the brain surgery fee in advance. SARAH What happens if we can't pay?

CLERICAL NURSE Typically the patient is sent to the county hospital.

INT. RICHARDS' DEN - NIGHT

An empty room. Divots dot the carpet, where furniture once sat. Clean spots mark the walls, where pictures used to hang.

Richards sits on the floor, staring into the abyss.

Sarah enters and stares angrily at her beleaguered husband.

SARAH That doctor said that Jake got his tumor from exposure to chemicals!

RICHARDS I don't want to argue with you.

SARAH All that time we spent on those military bases!

RICHARDS Don't blame this on me.

SARAH Why not? All of this is your fault!

RICHARDS What?! Cancer runs in your family! Your brother Rob had cancer!

SARAH He had skin cancer!

RICHARDS Your Dad died from lung cancer!

SARAH He died from asbestos poisoning!

RICHARDS He smoked two packs a day!

SARAH That base in Oklahoma always had funny tasting water!

RICHARDS That's ridiculous! It tasted fine!

SARAH

And that base in Nevada near that old testing site! People were getting cancer left and right!

RICHARDS That doctor also said that Jake could've gotten his tumor from genetic abnormalities!

SARAH Something from you, no doubt!

RICHARDS This is all your fault! Your family is a bunch of drunks and criminals!

That comment was malicious. Over the top. The room is quiet. Sarah is devastated. Richards is embarrassed and ashamed.

> RICHARDS (CONT'D) I didn't mean to say that. I am so sorry.

> SARAH I'm sorry, too. I shouldn't have come in here and attacked you. I'm just really stressed out.

Sarah hands a LETTER to Richards. He eyes the letterhead: FIRST UNITED BANK.

RICHARDS The bank is giving us a big check?

SARAH They're foreclosing on the house.

RICHARDS We had more money when we were in high school then we do now.

SARAH Those were the days. I could call the bank tomorrow and try to get an extension on our mortgage.

RICHARDS That's not gonna solve anything. They're gonna say no. SARAH

I know. The credit union called today.

RICHARDS Are they gonna give us a big check?

SARAH They're gonna repossess the car.

RICHARDS Blood sucking leeches! One thing after the other!

SARAH Maybe we should talk about this tomorrow.

RICHARDS Don't worry about money anymore. I'm gonna straighten this all out.

SARAH

How?

RICHARDS Don't worry about it.

SARAH

You are acting so strange lately. Is something on your mind?

This conversation was inevitable. "Honest Abe" is going to give some HALF-TRUTHS about what he's planning to do.

RICHARDS I'm going down south in a few days.

SARAH

You're leaving town? But Jake needs you here! I need you here! When were you gonna tell me this?

RICHARDS

I am now. I have a million things on mind, Sarah.

SARAH And I don't, Abe. What's the purpose of this trip?

RICHARDS I'm gonna get a boatload of money from a guy I know. A look of relief comes over Sarah's face.

SARAH

Who?

RICHARDS It's no one you know.

SARAH Who is it?

RICHARDS It's not important.

SARAH Why are you being so evasive?

RICHARDS

His name is John. He owns a huge jewelry company. I know him from work.

SARAH And he's just gonna give you money?

RICHARDS As much as I can carry.

SARAH Why would he do that?

RICHARDS Because he's a billionaire.

Sarah and Richards look each other in the eyes.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) I don't want you to worry about money anymore. Have I ever let you down before?

SARAH

No.

RICHARDS And I never will.

Sarah smiles, knowing she has a good man.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Everything's gonna be ok. Just worry about Jake from now on. SARAH I can do that. If you don't mind, I'd like to go back to the hospital and be with him.

RICHARDS Good idea. That'll give me a chance to get some work done.

MONTAGE - INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards works on the FUEL OIL CONSUMPTION TANK.

Golden places PACKS OF FOOD into crevices.

Biggs places BOTTLED WATER and SODA into crevices.

Richards works on the DIESEL ENGINE.

Biggs looks through the PERISCOPE and works its handles.

Richards works on an ELECTRIC MOTOR.

Golden and Biggs place a SCUBA SET OXYGEN TANK on the floor.

MONTAGE - INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Richards welds around the base of the Seehund's HATCH DOOR.

Golden and Biggs weld a LARGE STEEL PLATE onto a rusted section of the Seehund.

Golden and Biggs weld a new AIR INTAKE MAST onto the Seehund.

Richards, Golden and Biggs fasten a TYPE G7E TORPEDO onto the Seehund's lower hull.

Biggs rotates a specially made PERISCOPE up and down.

Golden and Biggs work on the PROPELLER.

Richards mounts a RUSSIAN FLAG onto the mast.

Richards, Golden and Biggs paint the Seehund a DARK GRAY.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - MORNING

Richards studies a HYDROGRAPHIC CHART of WATTS BAR LAKE.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

The Seehund looks BRAND NEW.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

Jake sleeps on a bed. Richards stands above him.

RICHARDS Jake, you were such a good baby. You never cried. Always wanted to be held. Smiling all the time. I'm sorry this is happening to you.

Jake's eyes slowly creep open. Richards is ecstatic.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) I love you, Buddy.

Jake smiles weakly and falls back asleep.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Jake, I'm gonna give you every chance I can.

SARAH (O.S.) I'm here all night and he sleeps. You're here for a minute and he wakes up.

Richards turns around and sees Sarah smiling at him.

SARAH (CONT'D) Jake is such a Daddy's boy.

RICHARDS How long have you been here?

SARAH Long enough. Can you stay?

RICHARDS I have to test out a new piece of equipment today.

EXT. POTOMAC RIVER - DAY

Eight Rowers sit in a ROW BOAT, pulling in unison. The COXSWAIN yells out commands.

COXSWAIN

Drive those legs! I want those blades two inches off of the water! More effort, 7 seat!

As the row boat pulls away a PERISCOPE pops out of the water.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK

A TARP ROLLER slides over the tractor trailer, concealing the Seehund from our view.

INT. RICHARDS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah brushes her hair. Richards puts clothes into a case.

SARAH Who's picking you up? You never mentioned.

RICHARDS Some guys from work.

SARAH Are you driving all night?

RICHARDS

Yes.

SARAH I think it's good that you're getting away for a few days.

Richards nods.

SARAH (CONT'D) What are ya'll gonna do while your down there?

Richards pauses, thinking "rob a rich man". He's so tired he actually says it.

RICHARDS Rob a rich man.

Richards eyes widen. Oh, boy! Did I just say that?

SARAH Ha-ha. Very funny. Seriously, what are you guys gonna do? RICHARDS

We'll be spending most of our time on a boat.

SARAH But you're scared of water.

RICHARDS I'm not scared of water.

SARAH

The only thing that scares you more than water is your Claustrophobia.

RICHARDS I'm not scared of being in tight places either.

SARAH

You are too.

RICHARDS

We're from Iowa. I just prefer to be in wide open spaces on land.

SARAH

Whatever you say, sweetie. Just try not to drown when you're on the boat.

RICHARDS

That's the plan.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Richards, Golden and Biggs stand around a MAP of LAKE LOUDON, WATTS BAR LAKE and CHICKAMAUGA LAKE.

RICHARDS I don't want anyone to get hurt on this mission. Understand?

Golden and Biggs nod.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Let's review this one more time.

On the map: Richards points to a PENINSULA, which is surrounded by Lake Loudon.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Enter the house. Break into the vault. Steal the loot. (MORE)

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Diversions will be set off in the surrounding counties, masking our crime. On the map: Richards points to the FORT LOUDON DAM. RICHARDS (CONT'D) We'll navigate the Seehund through the Fort Loudon Dam Lock. Questions? Golden and Biggs don't say a word. On the map: Richards slides his finger along WATTS BAR LAKE. RICHARDS (CONT'D) We'll travel 72 miles along Watts Bar Lake, which will take us about 10 hours. On the map: Richards' finger stops at the WATTS BAR DAM. RICHARDS (CONT'D) Then we go through the Watts Bar Dam Lock. Most likely it's gonna be a dicey situation down there. Questions? Golden and Biggs don't say a word. On the map: Richards slides his finger along CHICKAMAUGA LAKE and stops at a TRIANGULAR ISLAND. RICHARDS (CONT'D) Navigate the Chickamauga Lake. Pull the Seehund out of the water at this triangular island. Questions? Golden and Biggs smile at Richards and don't say a word. RICHARDS (CONT'D) Let's go down to Tennessee, men. EXT. INTERSTATE 81 - NIGHT A hydraulic truck crane and a tractor trailer drive past a SIGN that reads "WELCOME TO TENNESSEE".

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - DAY

Flying over the FORT LOUDON DAM: a massive hydroelectric installation.

Super: Fort Loudon Dam.

Flying over the DAM LOCK: 60 foot wide. 360 foot long.

Note: The lock's function: to raise and lower river craft between Lake Loudon and Watts Bar Lake.

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - LOCK - DAY

Inside the DAM LOCK: Feels like we're in a steel canyon. A football field in length. Towering walls. Enormous STEEL DOORS at each end. River craft float on the water.

As the lock fills with water, the WATERLINE RISES up the wall.

Corps of Engineer police officers stand on a patrol boat.

A group of people sit on Jet-ski's. Under the water surface there is an almost indiscernible SHARK-LIKE SILHOUETTE, which is the Seehund.

An AIR HORN BEEPS.

People start up their Jet-ski's.

The AIR HORN BEEPS again.

The UPSTREAM LOCK DOOR slides open, revealing LAKE LOUDON.

EXT. LAKE LOUDON - DAY

A group of Jet-skis speed out of the dam lock. The CAMERA descends into Lake Loudon--

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

A SHARK-LIKE FIGURE glides forward like an underwater apparition until it gains the form of the SEEHUND.

INT. SEEHUND - DAY

Richards breathes slowly. Anxiety fills his face. His hands tremble. Sweat beads off his brow. CLAUSTROPHOBIA is a bitch.

Richards POV - the walls are closing in. Weird noises wail out like ghosts. Everything moves in fast motion.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NIGHT

It's a bright night. Great visibility. Silent. Tranquil.

A FULL MOON reflects off of Lake Loudon.

The Seehund emerges from the lake inside a DOUBLE SLIP BOAT DOCK.

The Seehund's HATCH DOOR pops open.

THREE MASKED MEN jump onto the boat dock. They wear RUSSIAN MILITARY UNIFORMS and hold AN-94's (Russian assault rifles).

They charge forward in a military formation.

EXT. HILL - CONTINUOUS

The three masked men charge up a hill and approach a STATELY STONE HOUSE.

EXT. WILLIAMSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The three masked men stop at an OPEN DOOR. The inside of the house is LIGHTED. A barbecue grill is searing a STEAK.

The masked men trade looks - someone's home! Masked man 1 (Richards) enters the house. His two compatriots follow.

INT. REC ROOM - NIGHT

The three masked men rush through a lavishly decorated room and exit a door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The three masked men rush down a hallway, which is lined with rustic pine boards. Suddenly, a VOICE is heard yelling--

TV (O.S.) Stop or I'll shoot, punk!

The masked men freeze. Richards listens and realizes a TV is playing. He advances. His two compatriots follow.

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

A high-end PROJECTOR TV screen. Rows of LEATHER RECLINERS. A state of the art POPCORN MACHINE. Wealth has its privileges.

A handsome, well-groomed man in his 50's lies on a leather recliner. This master of industry is JOHN P. WILLIAMSON IV.

The three masked men enter the room like silent ninjas.

Golden points his rifle at the back of John's head.

Biggs stands to the rear left of the room.

Richards circles around the right side of the room and sits down on a recliner.

John munches on popcorn, watching TV, which plays a cops and robbers movie. He's blissfully unaware of the 3 intruders.

Masked man 1 (Richards) watches the TV and puts his HAND ON HIS FOREHEAD and his PINKY FINGER ON HIS NOSE.

John senses a presence. He looks right and sees a MASKED MAN watching TV. Popcorn dribbles out of John's mouth.

JOHN

What in the hell are you doing?!

Richards replies with a RUSSIAN ACCENT and will speak as such for the duration of this conversation.

RICHARDS

You're supposed to be in Indonesia with your wife and kids, John.

Reality hits John hard. He fears for his life.

JOHN Take whatever you want and leave.

RICHARDS Are you home alone?

JOHN

Yes.

John eyes the TV and sees a masked man (Golden) in the TV screen reflection, pointing a rifle at his head.

JOHN (CONT'D) You're not gonna kill me, are you?

RICHARDS Do you have combination for dual security lock on your vault?

JOHN

No.

RICHARDS You don't know combination?

JOHN Only the security company knows it.

RICHARDS You're lying.

Richards motions to masked man 3 (Biggs).

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Vitaly hates Americans. Especially rich ones like you. He wants to smash your knees with a hammer.

John looks at Biggs. His jaw drops. Damn that guy is big!

JOHN Please don't hammer my knees.

RICHARDS Tell me combination then.

JOHN I don't know the combination.

John points to a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA.

JOHN (CONT'D) My security company is watching us as we speak.

RICHARDS (looks at his watch) But they won't be here for twelve and a half minutes.

John's face darkens. His bluff has been called.

JOHN Oh, God! I guess this explains why my phone hasn't been working.

RICHARDS

Da.

JOHN Breaking into the vault is impossible.

RICHARDS Anything is possible with C-4.

JOHN Damn it! I have to get my steak off of the grill! I like it rare!

This has gone on long enough. Richards makes a hand motion.

Masked man 2 (Golden) slides a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into John's neck and presses the plunger. John squirms and passes out.

Masked man 3 (Biggs) exits the room, rifle pointed forward.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Biggs rushes down the hallway and enters a door.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Biggs charges through a LIBRARY and enters into an enormous FIREPLACE.

INT. FIREPLACE - CONTINUOUS

Biggs pushes a BRICK. The REAR WALL of the fireplace slides open, revealing a HIDDEN CHAMBER.

INT. INDONESIAN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A room inspired by INDONESIAN CULTURE: Dragon wall paintings. Exotic statues. 6-foot tall PALM TREE VASES. Pineapple colored light bulbs. Solistone mosaic floor tiles.

Masked man 3 (Biggs) kicks a palm tree vase over. Then he stomps on a floor tile.

A wall slides open, revealing a HUGE STAINLESS STEEL VAULT.

Masked man 2 (Golden) pulls a DRILL MOUNT out of a palm tree vase - These guys have been there before.

Masked man 1 (Richards) pulls a BAG out of a palm tree vase.

The drill mount is already affixed to the vault door.

Biggs turns on an AIR COMPRESSOR.

Golden works a DRILL MOUNT LEVER and a DRILL GUN, making a hole in the vault door.

MINUTES LATER

The vault door has rows of DRILL HOLES.

INT. VAULT DOOR CASING

Meshed gears. Stainless steel. C-4. BLAST CAPS.

INT. LIBRARY - NIGHT

Richards, Golden and Biggs wear RUSSIAN GAS MASKS.

Richards' RUSSIAN WATCH does a countdown: 3, 2, 1.

INT. INDONESIAN ROOM - NIGHT

BOOM! The vault door explodes. Dust envelops the room.

EXT. ROAD INTERSECTION - NIGHT

A SIGN reads "FBI BUILDING".

The stoplight is red in both directions.

The middle of the road intersection has a SMALL FRESH PATCH OF ASPHALT. BOOM! Asphalt and dirt explode upwards.

MONTAGE - DIVERSIONS - NIGHT

All hell breaks loose over Knox, Loudon and Blount Counties:

A TANKER TRUCK explodes outside a FIREWORKS STORE.

FIREWORKS explode over NEYLAND STADIUM.

The windows of the SUNSPHERE BUILDING shatter.

A small AIRPORT RUNWAY becomes engulfed in flames.

If you drive drunk you're nailed: a car with a GIANT NAIL imbedded in it explodes outside a STATE TROOPER BARRACK.

A dilapidated house explodes.

Inside a bank: the ALARM starts screaming bloody murder.

EXT. WILLIAMSON HOUSE - NIGHT

An ALARM blares. FLOOD LIGHTS automatically turn on.

INT. INDONESIAN ROOM - NIGHT

Smoke. Dust. An ALARM shrieks. THREE SILHOUETTED FIGURES charge through the room and enter into the vault chamber.

INT. VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT

More smoke and dust. Sprinklers shower the room with GAS. Visibility is poor. An ALARM wails. Mass chaos!

With brute strength, masked man 3 (Biggs) pries SAFETY DEPOSIT BOXES open with a CROWBAR.

Masked man 1 (Richards) pulls METAL BOND BOXES free from their keeps and slams them onto a CENTRAL TABLE ISLAND.

Masked man 2 (Golden) opens a bond box, sees that it contains CASH MONEY and discards the bond box to the floor--

Golden opens another bond box. Grabs a RED VELVET POUCH. Pours DIAMONDS onto a BLACK VELVET PAD--

Golden waves a HAND HELD MILLIMETER WAVE SCANNER over the diamonds. Somehow he hears a BEEP under the shrieking noise--

Golden moves the scanner back and forth, left and right, zeroing in on a target, then he hears a BEEP--

Golden picks up a FAKE DIAMOND that is imbedded with a small GPS TRACKING CHIP and discards it to the floor--

Golden moves the scanner over the diamonds again. He hears NO BEEPS this time. He grabs the velvet pad and pours the diamonds into a BACKPACK that sits on the floor.

EXT. LAKE LOUDON - NIGHT

A HELICOPTER flies over the lake with its spotlight blaring.

INT. VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT

Masked man 1 (Richards) puts a BACKPACK on. He grabs his rifle and advances. His two compatriots follow.

EXT. WILLIAMSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The floodlights make the night seem bright as day. The three masked men hurriedly exit the basement door. The whirring of a helicopter grows louder and louder.

EXT. BOAT DOCK - NIGHT

The three masked men charge along the boat dock.

The HELICOPTER flies over Lake Loudon, directly towards the Seehund.

One by one, the masked men enter the Seehund.

The helicopter abruptly turns toward the Williamson house.

The Seehund descends into Lake Loudon.

EXT. WILLIAMSON HOUSE - NIGHT

A team of well-armed SECURITY GUARDS pour out of a helicopter that reads "MLT SECURITY".

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards sighs with relief, thinking we got away. He looks around his CRAMPED SURROUNDINGS. His CLAUSTROPHOBIA kicks into high gear. FEAR consumes his face.

Unflappable, Golden lies on the floor, playing a GAME-BOY.

Biggs slumps over in the FORWARD SEAT and looks with envy at Golden. The Seehund is no place for a man of Biggs' size.

BIGGS You comfortable down there, little guy?

GOLDEN Sure am, big guy.

BIGGS Golden, what game you playing?

GOLDEN Captain Golden.

BIGGS

What?

GOLDEN I'm your superior. Call me Captain Golden.

Biggs eyes Golden with a cold, hard look.

BIGGS What game you playing, Captain Golden?

GOLDEN (condescending tone) Super Mario Brothers, Sergeant Biggs.

BIGGS Watch your tone with me, boy.

GOLDEN Call me boy again and I'll cut your other cheek up.

BIGGS We'll see about that, boy.

RICHARDS Knock it off the both off ya!

Biggs gives Golden an icy look and slides his finger along his throat. Golden pulls out a MACHETE. Biggs smiles.

> BIGGS Sir, the diamonds we stole, how much are they worth?

RICHARDS About 44 million dollars.

INT. KALIS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

An austere bedroom. Spotless. No pictures. No computer. No magazines. A 13" TV. A BIBLE sits on a plain desk.

FBI special agent in charge, ADRIAN KALIS sleeps on a twinsized bed. He's in his 40's. Balding. Has a callous temperament. Speaks with a thick New York accent.

A PHONE RINGS. Kalis answers in a split-second. He opens his eyes, which are as lifeless as a great white shark's.

KALIS (over the phone) This is Kalis. Speak.

NEWMAN (O.S.) (over the phone) Sir, this is Newman, all hell's broke loose! KALIS Slow down. What happened?

NEWMAN (O.S.)

We've had more than 100 incidents reported in Knox, Blount and Loudon counties in the last two minutes.

KALIS

At this time of night? Interesting. Anything else?

NEWMAN (O.S.) HQ is inaccessible by car. The road intersection has been destroyed. You'll have to get here on foot.

KALIS

Seems like what we have here is a coordinated attack to disperse all levels of law enforcement.

NEWMAN (O.S.) What do I do? Should I contact Washington, Sir?

KALIS

No! Have my coffee ready. Call in all of my agents. Contact state and local authorities. Collate data so that we can pinpoint the basis for these attacks. You got it, Newman?!

NEWMAN (O.S.)

Yes, Sir.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - NIGHT

A shot of the KNOXVILLE FBI BUILDING.

INT. FBI BUILDING - KITCHEN - NIGHT

AGENT BO NEWMAN pours coffee into a Tasmanian Devil mug. He's 24. Capable. A recent graduate of the FBI training academy.

NEWMAN (imitating Kalis) Newman, did you put two sugars in?

Newman pours TWO SUGARS into the mug. He answers the question in his own voice.

NEWMAN (CONT'D)

Yes, Sir.

Newman PISSES into the coffee mug and smiles.

NEWMAN (CONT'D) Service with a smile.

Newman turns around and sees Kalis staring at him.

NEWMAN (CONT'D) Um... Hello, agent Kalis.

Kalis eyes Newman... Then he snatches the mug.

KALIS Newman, did you put two sugars in?

NEWMAN

Yes, Sir.

Kalis takes a big swig of the coffee. He smacks his lips.

KALIS That's good. Good to the last drop. Just like the old Maxwell House commercials, eh, Newman?

NEWMAN Uh, a little before my time, Sir.

Kalis shakes his head, annoyed.

KALIS Newman, image is everything here at the FBI. Zip up your fly.

Newman's eyes grow wide. He pulls up his zipper.

KALIS (CONT'D) If you wanna be a top-notch agent like me, you have to become one with your surroundings. Observe. Analyze. Interpret.

Kalis takes a big swig of the coffee. He smacks his lips.

KALIS (CONT'D) Good! Come on. Let's get to work.

Kalis exits the room. Newman has to run to keep up.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

KALIS What do we know? Give me facts. No opinions. You got it, Newman?!

NEWMAN

Yes, Sir. Well, no injuries have been reported. A lot of false alarms. Nothing unusual has been reported stolen.

KALIS There will be. All of these events are a smoke screen to obscure one crime.

INT. STRATEGY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kalis and Newman enter. Agents sit at desks, talking on phones, typing on computers, moving with purpose.

Kalis eyes a row of SMART TV'S: A firework show over Neyland Stadium. An airport runway on fire. Newscasters talking.

NEWMAN Property damage appears to be quite minimal. I think what we're dealing with here is--

Kalis CLAPS HIS HANDS and speaks with a SHRILL VOICE.

KALIS (interrupts) Do not give me opinions! Give me facts! I will analyze and interpret the facts and I will give you my opinions! You got it, Newman?!

NEWMAN

Yes, Sir.

Kalis claps his hands demonstratively and points to an agent.

KALIS Talk to me. Let's go around the horn. You know the drill. You, go!

AGENT 1 Knoxville City Police have cleared the city county building. False alarm, Sir.
AGENT 2

Knox County Police have cleared a bank building on Kingston Pike. False alarm, Sir.

AGENT 3 Loudon County Police have cleared the auxiliary courthouse. False alarm.

KALIS False alarm, what, Jefferson!

AGENT JEFFERSON is a black female agent in her 30's.

JEFFERSON False alarm, Sir.

KALIS

Don't get lazy on me, people! This is what we train for! You, go!

AGENT 4 Blount County Police have--

AGENT 5

(interrupts) Sir! MLT security has just reported a vault break in at John Williamson's estate.

KALIS

That's it! That's our focal point! When did this robbery transpire?

AGENT 5

About 20 minutes ago. MLT has video of the crime. Three masked perps broke into the vault and were in there for exactly two minutes.

KALIS

Get me that video. Get a map up on TV 1 of the area surrounding the Williamson property. Newman, get my chopper ready.

A MAP appears on TV 1: A YELLOW ARROW points to a peninsula.

AGENT 5 The map is ready, Sir. The yellow arrow indicates the location of the Williamson estate. Kalis studies the map for a beat and assesses the situation.

KALIS The thieves couldn't have gotten far. To the north are winding roads. Lake Loudon is to the east, south and west. Shut down the area. You know what to do, people!

Agents get busy, picking up phones, typing on computers.

KALIS (CONT'D) Jefferson, call the Fort Loudon Dam. Order them to shut the lock down to all lake traffic until I say otherwise.

EXT. LAKE LOUDON - NIGHT

The Seehund rises out of the lake next to an ELEVATED CONCRETE ABUTMENT.

The Seehund's hatch door pops open.

Masked man 3 (Biggs) exits and flings a PLASTIC GRAPPLING HOOK onto a metal railing that stands on top of the abutment.

From inside the Seehund, the ROPE IS PULLED TAUT.

Biggs scales the rope, reaches the abutment top and runs on the concrete toward the FORT LOUDON DAM.

Masked man 2 (Golden) scales the rope, reaches the abutment top and tosses the hook into the Seehund's hatch door.

Golden runs on the concrete abutment toward the dam.

The Seehund descends into the lake.

INT. FORT LOUDON DAM - TURBINE ROOM - NIGHT

A cavernous room. GIANT TURBINES sit on the lower level. Masked man 3 (Biggs) charges down a METAL STAIRCASE.

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - NIGHT

Masked man 2 (Golden) kneels against a wall. Just around the corner a door reads: "U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS, FORT LOUDON LOCK LOCKMASTER".

INT. FORT LOUDON DAM - ENGINEERING ROOM - NIGHT

Masked man 3 (Biggs) enters and stops abruptly as he sees a GIANT MAN (7 foot tall, 300 pounds) walking toward him.

The giant throws a HUGE WRENCH. Biggs catches the wrench, flings it back and it hits the giant square on the mouth.

The giant smiles, revealing many MISSING TEETH.

Biggs and the giant trade powerful blows. BOOM! Biggs is hammered to the floor.

Biggs kicks the giant on the kneecap. The big brute is unfazed. He leg-stomps Biggs. BAM! BAM! BAM!

Biggs avoids a leg stomp, springs to his feet, jumps on the giant's back and applies a STRANGLE HOLD.

The giant backs up and slams Biggs into a wall repeatedly. Biggs holds on for dear life and the giant drops to the floor and goes unconscious.

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - NIGHT

Masked man 2 (Golden) hears Biggs in his EARPIECE.

BIGGS (0.S.) (Russian accent) Air horn is deactivated.

Golden springs to his feet and enters the door.

INT. FORT LOUDON DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Like a silent assassin, masked man 2 (Golden) glides through a room full of high-tech gadgets and blinking lights.

EARL WEAVER sits at a workstation, reading a FOOTBALL MAGAZINE.

EARL

Tennessee is gonna have a damn good football team this year.

Golden sneaks up behind Earl and starts reading the magazine.

EARL (CONT'D) Our secondary has a lot of inexperienced underclassmen.

GOLDEN But they have great linebackers.

Golden slides a HYPODERMIC NEEDLE into Earl's neck and presses the plunger. Earl squirms and PASSES OUT UPRIGHT.

The PHONE RINGS. Golden looks at it. Should I pick it up? He answers it and does a PERFECT IMITATION OF EARL'S VOICE.

GOLDEN (CONT'D) (over the phone) Fort Loudon Lockmaster.

JEFFERSON (O.S.) (over the phone) Who am I speaking with, please?

Golden looks at Earl's NAME-TAG: "Earl Weaver".

GOLDEN

Earl Weaver.

JEFFERSON (O.S.) Hello, Mr. Weaver, my name is Agent Louise Jefferson with the Knoxville FBI. How are you, Sir?

GOLDEN Fine. Thank you for asking. How can I help you, Agent Jefferson?

JEFFERSON (O.S.) Would it be possible for ya'll to shut down the lock to all boat traffic?

GOLDEN Well, this lock is closed from 10 at night till 6 in the morn'.

JEFFERSON (0.S.) My boss has requested that you shut down the lock until you receive further directions from him.

GOLDEN My goodness. Is everything ok?

JEFFERSON (0.S.) Nothing to be concerned about.

GOLDEN That's a relief. Golden CROSSES HIS FINGERS, absolving him of his lie.

GOLDEN (CONT'D) No one will go through the lock doors, Scout's Honor.

JEFFERSON (O.S.) Thank you very much.

GOLDEN

You're welcome. I'm needin' to run. My boss is waitin' on me to open up some big steel doors.

JEFFERSON (O.S.) I appreciate your assistance, Mr. Weaver. You better go on and open up them doors.

GOLDEN I will. Bye-bye now.

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - LOCK - NIGHT

The UPSTREAM lock door slides open. The air horn DOES NOT BEEP.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Seehund glides into the lock.

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - LOCK - NIGHT

As the lock discharges water, the WATERLINE DROPS down the wall.

The DOWNSTREAM lock door slides open, revealing WATTS BAR LAKE. The air horn DOES NOT BEEP.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Seehund glides out of the lock and into Watts Bar Lake.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The Seehund rises out of the lake next to a TOWERING CONCRETE ABUTMENT.

Masked man 2 (Golden) and Masked man 3 (Biggs) climb down a column of METAL HAND BARS that are affixed to the abutment.

They step onto the Seehund and enter the hatch door.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Golden pulls his mask off.

GOLDEN Dive. What are you waiting for?

RICHARDS For you to close the hatch door.

Golden looks up at the OPEN hatch door.

BIGGS You almost drowned us, idiot.

GOLDEN You were supposed to close the door, idiot!

BIGGS Bull! You were!

RICHARDS It doesn't matter. Just close the damn door.

Golden and Biggs eye each other like it's an old west standoff.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

An FBI HELICOPTER flies through the night sky.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kalis and Newman study a laptop screen: a SURVEILLANCE VIDEO shows three masked men working in a GAS FILLED VAULT.

KALIS These guys are precise. No wasted movements. Great teamwork. I bet they're military trained.

NEWMAN Quite coordinated, Sir. Kalis throws a superior glance at Newman. Then he pushes a few keyboard buttons.

Laptop screen: A SURVEILLANCE VIDEO shows a masked man pulling a DRILL MOUNT out of a palm tree vase.

KALIS They've been there before.

NEWMAN They hid tools in those giant vases.

Being petty, Kalis remarks on the proper pronunciation of vases.

KALIS It's pronounced vases.

NEWMAN

Sorry, Sir.

Newman studies the video and notices a RIFLE on the floor.

NEWMAN (CONT'D) That rifle is an AN-94. It's made for the Russian Armed Forces.

KALIS Thank you for that enlightened observation, Sherlock.

Kalis pushes a few keyboard buttons.

Laptop screen: A SURVEILLANCE VIDEO shows three masked men and John in the TV room. One of the masked men says--

MASKED MAN (Russian accent) You're supposed to be in Indonesia with your wife and kids, John.

KALIS Russians on American soil. Makes me sick to my stomach.

Kalis pauses, going through the mental progressions.

KALIS (CONT'D) So, we know what happened now. Time to move on to the next step.

NEWMAN

Which is?

KALIS

How'd they leave the property? The video showed the driveway gate was never opened, right?

NEWMAN

That's correct.

KALIS

They didn't leave by car. Did they flee on foot? Doubtful. They planned everything perfectly. How'd they get away?

Kalis and Newman ponder the possibilities.

NEWMAN

Maybe they used the lake.

Kalis smiles a creepy smile and taps a few keyboard buttons.

Laptop screen: A SURVEILLANCE VIDEO shows a BLUE HERON (large bird) standing on a double slip boat dock.

Kalis studies the laptop screen. The heron curls its neck up. POOF! Suddenly the heron's neck is as stiff as a board.

KALIS Stupid Commies. It's a video loop.

NEWMAN

How can you tell?

KALIS

When I breakdown film, my primary rule is to study anything that moves. Didn't you learn anything at the academy?!

NEWMAN I could learn, if you'd teach me.

Kalis' tone softens. Newman's a likeable guy.

KALIS

You're a good agent, Newman. Nobody helped me out when I was coming up. Look at that blue heron. Study it.

Newman studies the laptop screen. The heron curls its neck up. Suddenly, it's stiff as a board. Newman nods knowingly.

KALIS (CONT'D)

They let us see everything except for the boat dock. It's fair to conclude that they got away using the lake.

NEWMAN

The thieves disabled the house phone. Why didn't they disable the surveillance system, too?

KALIS

Russians love shoving it in our faces. They know this video will be leaked to the media.

NEWMAN Who would leak it to the media?

Kalis reverts back to being a total schmuck.

KALIS

Were you born yesterday? Some degenerate in the FBI will sell this video to the media for big bucks. How in the hell did you ever graduate from the academy, dumbass?

Newman grabs a THERMOS off of the floor. Payback time!

NEWMAN Care for a cup of coffee, Sir?

KALIS Please. Newman, you make some very good coffee. What's your secret?

Newman pours coffee into the thermos cup.

NEWMAN I can't divulge that, Sir. It's an Ancient Chinese Secret.

KALIS

Chinese? Your file indicates that your lineage is Irish/German.

NEWMAN

Sir, you're always talking about TV catchphrases and old commercials.

KALIS

I am.

Ancient Chinese Secret was the catchphrase for the Calgon detergent commercials way back in the 70's.

Kalis thinks on this. Newman hands the cup to Kalis. He takes a long sip and smacks his lips with unencumbered delight.

> KALIS Ancient Chinese Secret. Amusing commercials. Good work, Newman.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards pilots the Seehund, working switches and controls.

Golden and Biggs stare at each other. You could cut the tension with a knife.

Richards eyes his hand: shaking like crazy. He looks at Golden and Biggs and knows he has to diffuse the bad blood.

> RICHARDS We have 72 miles to go until we get to the Watts Bar Dam. Eat. Stay hydrated. Get some rest.

GOLDEN Kalis is gonna be on top of us a

lot sooner than we expected, Sir.

BIGGS How do you know that?

GOLDEN I outrank you, Sergeant. I don't answer to you.

RICHARDS Golden, how do you know that?

GOLDEN

When I was in the lockmaster's office, the phone rang. I answered. An FBI agent was on the other end. I pretended to be a lock worker.

BIGGS You did what?! RICHARDS Biggsy, calm down. Haku, what exactly did you say?

GOLDEN I gathered intelligence. The agent wanted the lock shut down.

BIGGS You always have to grand-stand, don't you, Golden!

GOLDEN Gramps, if you didn't take so long disarming the air horn, we wouldn't be having this conversation!

RICHARDS Golden, you filled the lock back up with water before you left the office, didn't you?

Golden LIES. He did not fill the lock back up with water.

GOLDEN

Yes, Sir.

RICHARDS

This changes nothing. We knew there was a chance that Kalis would find out that we went through the lock.

BIGGS

But not this soon.

RICHARDS

It just puts a little more pressure on us.

GOLDEN

A little? We're gonna have to stay submerged for a lot longer than we planned.

BIGGS Which means we're gonna be moving a lot slower than we planned.

RICHARDS Maybe they won't figure out we went through the lock. Let's just stay calm and see what happens.

Golden and Biggs nod. What other option do they have.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) You men need to bury the hatchet. Go on and shake hands.

Golden and Biggs hesitate. They SHAKE HANDS.

Biggs smiles and squeezes Golden's hand hard.

Golden slams Biggs' hand into a metal wall.

EXT. WILLIAMSON HOUSE - NIGHT

The FBI HELICOPTER lands close to the MLT chopper.

INT. TV ROOM - NIGHT

Kalis, Newman and MIKE TURNER (the owner of MLT security) look at John Williamson, who lies unconscious on a recliner.

Kalis puts a TINY TAPE RECORDER on John's head. Turner shoots a confused look at Kalis.

Newman puts his head down and writes in a SMALL BLACK BOOK.

KALIS For the record, what is your name and occupation?

TURNER Michael Lee Turner, owner-operator of MLT Security.

Kalis and Newman scribble this down in their black books and will make notes for the duration of this interview.

KALIS Mr. Turner, in your professional opinion, what just happened here?

TURNER Well, you just put a tape recorder on John's head. He's real particular about his hair.

KALIS No, you hayseed. Why is Mr. Williamson unconscious?

TURNER Because he's been drugged.

KALIS (patronizing tone) And how do you know that?

Turner sighs. He's over Kalis' crap. He points to a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA and replies with a sarcastic answer.

TURNER

That's a camera. It records things. I saw John get drugged on the video footage by a masked thug.

KALIS Don't get smart with me. If you screw around with my investigation, I'll run your business into the ground.

TURNER What in the hell is your problem?!

KALIS

I have no problem but now you do. Me! You got it, Turner?!

Turner looks at Newman for help but Newman puts his head down and writes in his book. Turner figures he better play ball.

TURNER

Yeah, I got it.

KALIS Now, what was stolen from the vault?

TURNER

Diamonds, Sir.

KALIS

Did the thieves discard bond boxes that contained cash money?

TURNER

Yes, Sir.

KALIS Strange. Why would the thieves leave all of that money?

TURNER

Probably because they knew that the bills were sequentially numbered. Basically useless money.

KALIS

I see. Did the thieves discard some of the diamonds?

TURNER They did. Eight of them.

KALIS Why would they do that?

TURNER Those diamonds were fakes. They had GPS tracking chips imbedded in 'em.

KALIS Did the thieves leave the premises with any of these tracking chips?

TURNER

No, Sir.

KALIS That will be all. Thank You, Mr. Turner.

Turner walks away like he just had an enema.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Biggs looks through the PERISCOPE EYEPIECE.

Periscope POV - panning around - Wooded areas. Lake houses. Boat Docks. Barges parked on a lake bank.

Biggs pulls away from the periscope.

BIGGS Coast is clear, Sir.

RICHARDS Good. We'll surface. Golden, turn the diesel engine on. We need to keep a good charge on the battery.

GOLDEN

Yes, Sir.

RICHARDS

Biggs, go topside. Keep your head on a swivel. This area of the lake is narrow and windy as hell. Yes, Sir.

Richards looks at a LAKE MAP that winds like a snake.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The Seehund emerges from the lake. The hatch door opens. Masked man 3 (Biggs) pops his head out and radially scans his surroundings.

The Seehund approaches a daunting 90-degree LEFT hand turn.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards eyes a STOPWATCH and a TIME CHART.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The Seehund approaches a treacherous 90-degree RIGHT hand turn. Masked man 3 (Biggs) keeps a vigil.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards breathes slowly, steering the Seehund, keeping a cautious eye on the stopwatch and the time chart.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The Seehund approaches another 90-degree LEFT hand turn.

From out of nowhere, a SMALL BOAT drifts into the Seehund's path. Masked man 3 (Biggs) notices it at the last moment.

BIGGS Move left, uh, uh, port.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Masked man 3 (Biggs) kneels down into the Seehund.

BIGGS Port! Move to the port! We're gonna hit a boat!

Richards steers the Seehund left. A quiet beat passes. Golden and Biggs look around. Did we avoid the boat?

A SHRIEKING SOUND thunders out. Then it's deathly quiet.

Richards, Golden and Biggs look around the Seehund. No leaks. Everything seems to be working properly.

EXT. BOAT - NIGHT

A TEENAGE BOY exits the cabin door, putting on his pants. The Seehund disappears around a curve.

A TEENAGE GIRL exits the cabin door, wearing only a towel.

The teens inspect the boat and look around the lake.

GIRL What did we hit?

BOY

I don't know. I don't see anything. Maybe we hit a log.

The teens spot a GASH MARK on the side of the boat.

GIRL We better tell your Dad that we had an accident.

BOY I'm not telling him anything. If he finds about this, he'll take my car away again.

INT. FORT LOUDON DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - NIGHT

ANDY YATES, a dam employee, enters, whistling "Rocky Top". He notices Earl "sleeping".

YATES Earl, wake up!

Yates shakes Earl.

YATES (CONT'D) You ain't a Brushy Mountain prison guard no more! You can't sleep whenever you want 'round here!

Yates slaps Earl's face.

YATES (CONT'D) Lazy Morgan County jerk! Wake the hell up, Earl! Yates realizes that Earl isn't sleeping.

YATES (CONT'D) Earl, what in the blooming hell have ya done to yourself this time!

INT. VAULT CHAMBER - NIGHT

Drugged?

A MIST still fills the air. \$100 DOLLAR BILLS and BOND BOXES litter the floor. The vault door has a huge hole in it.

Kalis picks up a FAKE DIAMOND off of the floor. He eyes the room for clues. A VULNERABLE LOOK comes over his face.

KALIS (whispers to himself) I'm stuck. I need a break.

Kalis' CELLPHONE RINGS. He answers it in a split-second.

KALIS (CONT'D) This is Kalis. Speak.

Kalis listens. A creepy smile slithers over his face.

KALIS (CONT'D)

INT. FORT LOUDON DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - NIGHT

Kalis storms through the room. Newman runs to keep up. They stop at a group of dam employees, who stand around Earl.

KALIS Which one of you is in charge of this festering debacle?

BURLY THOMPSON, a hefty, BEARDED man in his 50's takes a step forward. He's an easy going guy. Believes in the Golden Rule.

> BURLY That'd be me, Burly Thompson.

KALIS You fit the mold for a lock-worker to a T. Newman, conduct the interview.

Newman is surprised. This will be his first field interview. He fumbles about for a beat.

Kalis puts a TINY TAPE RECORDER on Earl's head. Burly shoots a fiery look at Kalis.

Newman looks Burly in the eye.

NEWMAN For the record, what is your name and occupation, Sir?

BURLY Burly Thompson, I'm the lockmaster of this facility.

Kalis scoffs. Burly brushes off the insult.

NEWMAN Who is this unconscious man?

BURLY His name is Earl Weaver.

NEWMAN How long has he been like this?

BURLY We don't know. I have another man downstairs who is also unconscious.

NEWMAN

You do? Mr. Thompson, being the lockmaster, is it usual for you to be working this time of night?

BURLY No. But we've been had all manner of problems in this facility.

NEWMAN What sort of problems?

BURLY

Mechanical. Electrical. The closed circuit TV system ain't working. You name the problem. We have it.

Kalis grabs his tape recorder.

KALIS Interview's over. We're wasting time here. Let's go, Newman.

Kalis stomps away and yells out.

KALIS (CONT'D) Complete incompetence!

This nasty remark sets Burly off. He pursues Kalis.

BURLY Get back here, Yankee! What's your name?!

KALIS Special agent in charge, Adrian Kalis!

Kalis exits the door.

EXT. FORT LOUDON DAM - NIGHT

Kalis stands at a railing, looking down into the lock.

Burly stomps toward Kalis.

BURLY You have an attitude problem!

Burly looks down into the lock.

BURLY (CONT'D) Hell-fire!

KALIS What's the matter?

BURLY The lock's been drained.

KALIS

What?

BURLY The water in the lock has been lowered.

KALIS

Did a boat go through the lock into the lower lake?

BURLY Possibly. That would help explain why my men are unconscious.

Kalis writes in his black book.

KALIS

Mr. Thompson, you let the thieves get away. I'm gonna make you pay for your incompetence!

Enraged, Burly shoves Kalis down to the concrete.

BURLY

And I'm gonna make you pay for your arrogance! Remember my face but remember it without a beard!

Burly stomps away.

Kalis springs to his feet. He looks at Newman with a strange twinkle in his eye.

KALIS We're gonna catch those thieves. We'll get big promotions. New York. LA. Washington. I'll finally get out of East Tennessee! No more dealing with brain-dead hicks!

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards quietly utilizes the LAMAZE TECHNIQUE to control his breathing and his rattled nerves. Golden studies him.

GOLDEN Are you all right, Sir?

RICHARDS Fine. It's just stuffy in here.

GOLDEN Are we through the lake curves yet?

RICHARDS

Be quiet. The curve we're coming up on is the trickiest place to navigate on the entire lake.

EXT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Masked man 3 (Biggs) looks over the bow (front) of the Seehund and sees a treacherous 90-degree right hand turn.

BIGGS I couldn't steer a boat through this during the day. Biggs hears a HUMMING NOISE growing louder. He tries to vector in on the sound. He spins around and looks over the stern (rear) of the Seehund--

Then he hears the roar of BOAT ENGINES closing in--

Biggs tries to get a visual but the massive curve in the lake is restricting his sight-line.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Masked man 3 (Biggs) kneels down into the Seehund and fastens the hatch door shut.

BIGGS Dive! I didn't get a visual but dive! Dive! Dive!

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The Seehund disappears down into the lake.

A line of PATROL BOATS come into sight, shining their lights.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The Seehund glides through the water. The bottom of the minisub is only one foot off of the lake floor.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Richards, Golden and Biggs hear the patrol boats up on the lake surface.

GOLDEN Are we gonna hit the bottom?!

RICHARDS We have precise hydrographic charts.

BIGGS Hydrographic? What does that mean?

RICHARDS Be quiet. Let me concentrate.

GOLDEN Yeah, what does hydrographic mean?! RICHARDS It means the topography of the ground underneath water. Be quiet.

GOLDEN What does topography mean?!

BIGGS Golden, shut up, you idiot!

GOLDEN Don't tell me to shut up! And don't call me an idiot, I outrank you!

RICHARDS If you wanna live, be quiet!

The Seehund becomes quiet but EMOTIONS RUN HOT. Golden and Biggs stare each other down again.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The FBI helicopter skims the surface of Watts Bar Lake.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 BRIDGE - NIGHT

CONCRETE BARRIERS block the highway. COP CARS flash their lights. STATE TROOPERS interrogate motorists.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Kalis all but hangs out of the helicopter, scanning the lake. The chopper begins pulling up, gaining elevation.

> KALIS (over his headphones) Graham, what the hell are you doing?!

> PILOT (over his headphones) I have to gain some altitude.

> > KALIS

Why?!

PILOT Because we're approaching the I-75 bridge. KALIS No! Stay tight on the water!

PILOT I'll go over the bridge and drop back down on the lake.

KALIS I want eyes on the lake! Go under the bridge!

Petrified, Newman closes his eyes and grips the seat.

PILOT That's a bad idea, Sir!

KALIS That's an order, Graham!

PILOT But it's too dangerous, Sir!

KALIS Do as you're told or you'll never fly again! You got it, Graham?!

The pilot grits his teeth and works the COLLECTIVE LEVER, which causes the helicopter to dive sharply toward the lake.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 BRIDGE - NIGHT

The helicopter is banked at a steep angle as it approaches the bridge.

Dumbfounded, police officers atop the bridge watch the helicopter advance.

The chopper's MAIN ROTOR barely clears the undercarriage of the I-75 bridge.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

The chopper levels off. The pilot bristles with anger. Newman is in a state of shock. Indifferent, Kalis scans the lake.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

The HELICOPTER flies over Watts Bar Lake and a PERISCOPE.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Biggs pulls away from the periscope. The whirring of the helicopter fades away.

BIGGS We're clear of the bridge, Sir.

Richards nods. He eyes the OIL PRESSURE GAUGE: the INDICATOR NEEDLE is running low.

RICHARDS (whispers to himself) I hope it's just a faulty gauge.

Richards taps on the oil pressure gauge. Nothing happens.

EXT. HIGHWAY 58 BRIDGE - NIGHT

POLICE CARS flash their lights. Officers search vehicles and interrogate motorists. POLICE DOGS sniff cars.

The FBI helicopter flies over the bridge and lands.

Kalis and Newman exit the helicopter and walk toward JIM MAXWELL, the Roane County Sheriff.

SHERIFF MAXWELL What a prick. He walks like he has a stick up his butt.

Kalis and Newman stop at Sheriff Maxwell.

KALIS Maxwell, give me an update.

SHERIFF MAXWELL We've set up checkpoints on all vital roadways. Patrol boats are sweeping the lake. Local airports have been shut down. We're performing a door to door search of the area surrounding the lake.

Kalis halfheartedly musters up a head-nod. He walks along the bridge and looks down at the lake.

KALIS I'm close to them. I can feel it.

Kalis grabs a SMALL ROCK off of the bridge's concrete railing and drops it into the lake.

EXT. UNDERWATER - NIGHT

The SMALL ROCK plummets through the water and hits the Seehund. CLINK!

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Golden reads a football magazine. He hears the CLINK.

GOLDEN What was that noise, Sir.

RICHARDS Nothing to be worried about.

Tired as hell, Richards yawns and rubs his eyes.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Golden, throw me a soda.

Golden tosses Richards a BOTTLED SODA. He takes a big swig.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Golden, what are you gonna do with your share of the money?

GOLDEN Travel around the world first class and bone a girl in every country.

BIGGS That's a pretty original idea.

GOLDEN Yeah. I can hardly wait.

RICHARDS How about you, Biggsy?

BIGGS

I'm gonna buy my Ma a big house. Already have it picked out, too. What're you gonna do with your share of the loot?

RICHARDS I only want my son to get better.

BIGGS Well, besides that.

RICHARDS

I'd retire. Go home to Iowa. Buy a farm. Grow some corn maybe. Raise my son in peace.

BIGGS

Sounds nice.

GOLDEN On second thought, I'd like to bone two girls in every country.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

A make-shift command center. A flurry of activity. Agents and police officers talk on phones and type on computers.

Kalis and Newman study a MAP of WATTS BAR LAKE. Kalis takes a sip from a Styrofoam cup and spits out coffee.

KALIS Newman, you should teach these country bumpkins how to make a good cup of coffee.

Newman grins.

NEWMAN I'd be happy to teach them, Sir.

Kalis studies the map. That same VULNERABLE LOOK comes over his face. Newman senses Kalis' dismay.

NEWMAN (CONT'D) Sir, we should have found the thieves by now. Shouldn't we have?

Surprisingly, Kalis responds in a courteous manner.

KALIS

Yes. We don't have a shred of proof that they're still on this lake. We're at a complete standstill.

NEWMAN I know I don't have much experience but I'm a good listener. Maybe I can give you a push forward.

KALIS

Ok. All things considered, our adversary would be foolish to try to escape by land. Right?

NEWMAN

With the rough topography of this area and the lack of decent roads, yes.

KALIS

They couldn't have escaped using a plane or a helicopter. Right?

NEWMAN

Right.

KALIS Maybe they're holed up in a house?

NEWMAN They've planned all of this out too well. They'd want to stay mobile. They have to be on the lake still.

KALIS Well, let's think this through.

Kalis points to the FORT LOUDON DAM on the map.

KALIS (CONT'D) My instincts tell me that they went through the Fort Loudon Dam Lock.

NEWMAN

Mine do too.

Kalis points to the WATTS BAR DAM on the map.

KALIS And the Watts Bar Dam Lock hasn't been breached.

NEWMAN

No. It hasn't.

KALIS Then they must be on the lake still. Why haven't we found them yet?

NEWMAN There's something we're missing.

KALIS Their boat must be small, stealthy. They're hiding from us somehow.

NEWMAN

Maybe they're hiding in a cove or a boat dock or maybe a marina.

KALIS

Well, they have an advantage on us right now. But we have an advantage that trumps theirs.

NEWMAN

Which is?

KALIS We have them trapped on the lake. We keep putting pressure on them and we'll find them.

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INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT
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Richards studies the OIL PRESSURE GAUGE: the INDICATOR NEEDLE is just above the red line.

RICHARDS Haku, we keep losing oil. We have to surface. Go topside and see if an oil slick is trailing us.

Golden slides a MASK over his head. Biggs sleeps on the floor.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - NIGHT

An OLD WOMAN sits on a boat dock, fishing. She spits a mouthful of chewing tobacco into the lake.

The Seehund sails by her. Masked man 2 (Golden) gives her a BRAS D'HONNEUR, which is an obscene hand gesture.

OLD WOMAN

Damned Whippersnappers! Doing the meth and the crack! Popping pills! Rappity-rap Music! This country's going to hell in a hand-basket!

The old woman whips out a DALE EARNHARDT JR. CELLPHONE.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

Sheriff Maxwell marches up to Kalis.

SHERIFF MAXWELL We have a lead for you.

INT. SEEHUND - NIGHT

Golden slams the hatch door shut and rips his mask off.

GOLDEN I didn't see any oil on the lake surface, Sir.

RICHARDS Did you smell oil? Maybe we're burning it?

GOLDEN

No, Sir.

RICHARDS Either we have a faulty gauge or the oil is leaking out somehow.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Kalis interviews the old woman.

KALIS For the record, what is your--

OLD WOMAN (interrupts) Whoa! Whoa! I can't understand a damn word you're saying with that damn Yankee accent! Start over! Speak loud and slow, Sonny!

Making a jackass of himself, Kalis speaks slow and loud.

KALIS For the record, what is your name and occupation?!

OLD WOMAN Mrs. James Cogdill. Homemaker.

KALIS What'd you see on the lake, dear?

OLD WOMAN A man riding a giant shark.

Kalis and Newman exchange a confused look. Senile old bag!

KALIS Thank you, Mrs. Cogdill.

Kalis scoffs and stomps away.

OLD WOMAN I forgot! He wore a black mask!

Kalis stops. His eyes widen. Maybe she's not senile.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - DAWN

The SUN creeps above Watts Bar Lake.

DREAM - EXT. PLAYGROUND

Dreams are crazy: A LADDER stands upright. The sky is made of WATER. It rains DIAMONDS. Kalis hands a SPEEDING TICKET to a little kid, who sits on a BIG WHEEL.

Richards and Sarah watch Jake play on a JUNGLE GYM that is made of JAGGED METAL SPIKES. A rhythmic metallic sound clangs out nearby.

SARAH Is Jake gonna make it through the brain surgery?

RICHARDS

No.

SARAH Oh. Why are those guys fighting?

Standing on a JAGGED METAL CAROUSEL, Golden and Biggs swing MASSIVE SWORDS at each another. BAM! BAM! BAM!

RICHARDS They're jealous of each other.

A SEA LION also known as a SEEHUND says to Richards.

SEA LION Colonel, wake up.

INT. SEEHUND - MORNING

Richards jolts awake. Dazed. Terrified. He mutters something in a Russian accent. Then he regains his bearings. BIGGS Did you say something, Sir?

RICHARDS No. Just going over the charts.

GOLDEN Sir, the air's getting kinda stale in here.

RICHARDS

I know.

BIGGS What does it mean when air starts to get stale.

RICHARDS

We have three men in here. We have no air circulation. The air is just getting a little dirty.

GOLDEN Dirty air? I'm starting to get a little dizzy. We need to surface.

RICHARDS We can't risk it. The sun has come up.

GOLDEN We don't have to surface the entire sub, do we?

BIGGS Right. We could just go high enough to take some fresh air in through the air intake mast.

Richards weighs the risks and rewards of getting fresh air.

RICHARDS Biggs, raise the periscope. See if there's anything up on the surface.

Biggs tries to operate the periscope but it doesn't work.

BIGGS Sir, the periscope's not working. I'm having trouble breathing.

GOLDEN We have to get fresh air in here. Richards mulls it over. He prepares to surface the Seehund - until PATROL BOATS ARE HEARD up on the lake surface.

Disappointment. No words are spoken. A moment of silence.

RICHARDS We have no choice but to make it to the old boat dock. We'll hide under the decking and get some fresh air.

BIGGS

How long is it gonna take to get there?

RICHARDS About twenty three minutes.

Golden looks at two SCUBA SET OXYGEN TANKS.

GOLDEN

We could use the air in the oxygen tanks.

RICHARDS

We're gonna need every bit of the air inside those tanks when we get down to the Watts Bar Dam.

BIGGS

When we get to the old boat dock we could find a place that fills oxygen tanks up.

RICHARDS

The FBI have shut everything down. We're hours behind schedule. If we don't get through the Watts Bar Dam today, they'll catch us.

Another moment of silence.

GOLDEN Well, let's hope that we don't suffocate inside this old heap.

RICHARDS Let's try to get that periscope fixed. And we need to figure out why we're losing oil. A shot of the WATTS BAR DAM, which is similar to the Fort Loudon Dam. The DAM LOCK is 60 foot wide and 360 foot long.

Super: Watts Bar Dam.

INT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - MORNING

Kalis and Newman stand opposite NORBERT HOWELL. He's a decent, God fearing man in his 50's. Tall. Inbred looking.

KALIS For the record, what is your name and occupation?

HOWELL Norbert Howell. I'm the Watts Bar Dam Lockmaster.

KALIS Have any boats traveled through this lock since last night at 10 P.M.?

HOWELL

None, Sir.

KALIS

No one goes through this lock without my personal authorization. And I'm not letting anyone through the lock. Is that clear?

HOWELL

Yes, Sir.

KALIS

You will answer every phone call that this office receives. You will not leave this room.

HOWELL

But I have to be down in the engineering levels. We're having all sorts of mechanical and technical problems.

KALIS

If you leave this room, I'll make sure that you lose your job. You got it, Howell?! Yes, Sir.

KALIS

My God, Howell, you remind of that kid who played the banjo in that movie "Deliverance".

INT. SEEHUND - MORNING

Richards, Golden and Biggs labor to breathe. A CARBON DIOXIDE MIST hovers in the air.

Richards POV - blurry double vision, moving in slow motion, trying to focus on a stopwatch and a time chart.

RICHARDS Biggs, I think... we're close to the dock... Raise the periscope.

BIGGS Ok... Wait. It's still... broke.

RICHARDS Oh... I'm gonna... surface.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - COVE - MORNING

The Seehund emerges from the water in the middle of a COVE. Nearby there is a PATROL BOAT.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - MORNING

Two POLICE OFFICERS are sound ASLEEP.

EXT. OLD DOCK - MORNING

The Seehund slides under the decking of an OLD DOCK and slams into a WOOD PILING.

INT. SEEHUND - MORNING

Richards, Golden and Biggs breathe in the FRESH AIR.

EXT. MEIGS COUNTY PARK - DAY

The park has a panoramic view of the area, including Watts Bar Lake and the WATTS BAR DAM. An ARMADA OF BOATS guard the lock. Helicopters fly around.

Kalis and Newman talk with a group of agents and officers. MARTY GRANT, the Meigs County police chief approaches them.

> CHIEF GRANT Could I speak with Special agent in charge Kalis?

KALIS Kinda busy here. Who are you?

CHIEF GRANT Chief Grant, Meigs County Police. You requested that I come meet with you.

KALIS Requested? I ordered you. I'm commandeering your men and patrol boats. Thank you. You may leave.

CHIEF GRANT You ain't commandeering nothing.

KALIS Yes I am and there's nothing you can do about it.

CHIEF GRANT All right. When this is done, you best get out of Meigs County.

KALIS

Or what?

CHIEF GRANT We'll stick you in a hole and let the critters eat you alive.

Kalis scoffs.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - DAY

A PERISCOPE pokes out of the lake, radially scans the area and descends back into the water.

INT. SEEHUND - DAY

Golden and Biggs pull masks over their heads. They're dressed in BLACK WET-SUITS. SCUBA SET OXYGEN TANKS sit on the floor.

> RICHARDS This is it. I'm gonna surface.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

DAVID O'MALLEY (40's, nature lover, amateur documentary filmmaker) walks through the woods, holding a CAMCORDER.

Camcorder POV - a TIMBER RATTLESNAKE suns itself on a rock.

DAVID (0.S.) (knowledgeable) Crotalus horridus. Commonly known as a timber rattlesnake. She's about 60 inches long, 8 pounds. Highly venomous. Preys on small birds, frogs and other snakes.

Camcorder POV - PAN to a BARN OWL sitting on a tree branch.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) This is a rare treat. Tyto alba. Commonly known as a barn owl. Typically a nocturnal creature. Romans believed seeing an owl during the day was a bad omen.

Camcorder POV - PAN to TWO SWANS who sit on Watts Bar Lake.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) Swans are members of the waterfowl family: Anatidae. Elegant creatures who mate for life. In many cultures they're symbolic of love.

Camcorder POV - the swans fly away. The SEEHUND rises out of the water. A RUSSIAN FLAG is attached to the mast.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) Christ! The Russians are invading!

Camcorder POV - the Seehund's hatch door pops open. A masked man exits and mounts an OXYGEN TANK to his back.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) What the hell! What should I do?
Camcorder POV - a second masked man exits the Seehund. He also mounts an OXYGEN TANK to his back.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) Document it! It's 3:14 on August 1st 2015. Two masked men have exited a submarine, which is about 40 feet long, dark gray and has a Russian flag mounted to its mast.

Camcorder POV - the two masked men put BREATHING APPARATUSES in their mouths. A GLOVED HAND reaches out the Seehund and closes the hatch door.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) One masked man is about 6' 5" tall and 225 pounds. The second man is roughly 5' 6" and 170 pounds. A third man just closed the door.

Camcorder POV - the Seehund descends into the lake.

DAVID (O.S.) (CONT'D) I have to alert the authorities!

David runs through the woods.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The Seehund glides through an UNDERWATER VALLEY. The two masked men hold onto the Seehund's raised platform.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

David runs through the woods, trip on a rock and his head smashes into a tree, rendering him UNCONSCIOUS.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

Two TYPE G7E TORPEDOES lie on the lake floor. A BOMB TIMER is in countdown mode "59:25, 59:24, 59:23".

The two masked men swim toward the Seehund.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - DAY

An overwhelming police presence: An armada of patrol boats guard the Watts Bar Dam Lock. Helicopters fly around.

On the outskirts of the boat armada: TWO COPS stand on the deck of their boat.

COP 1 Which was a better movie, Godfather Part I or Godfather Part II?

COP 2 Neither. I liked Godfather III the best.

COP 1 You're crazy. Who's a better actor, Robert De Niro or Al Pacino?

GOLDEN (O.S.) Definitely De Niro.

HYPODERMIC NEEDLES are plunged into the cops' necks. They fall to the deck unconscious.

EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - DAY

A PATROL BOAT motors slowly through the armada of boats.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - DAY

Wearing a POLICE CAP and dressed as a POLICE OFFICER, Golden steers the patrol boat and brazenly waves to a cop on another boat. The cop waves back.

Biggs is scrunched up on the floor at Golden's feet.

GOLDEN Couldn't fit into the cops clothes, could you, Biggsy ma boy?

BIGGS Shut up, Golden.

GOLDEN Mind giving me a handjob while you're down there?

BIGGS In your dreams.

GOLDEN Why don't you make yourself useful and shine my shoes, bitch. BIGGS I'm gonna kill you, Golden.

GOLDEN Not if I kill you first, Biggs.

BIGGS Enough! Make the damn call.

Golden pulls a "CLONED" CELLPHONE from his pocket.

INT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - DAY

The PHONE RINGS. Howell eyes the CALLER ID, which reads "ADRIAN KALIS". He bangs the table and answers the phone.

HOWELL (like an automaton) Hello, special agent in charge, Kalis, this is Norbert Howell. How are you this afternoon?

EXT. PATROL BOAT - DAY

Golden talks on the "CLONED" CELLPHONE, while steering the boat towards the WATTS BAR DAM LOCK.

GOLDEN (imitates Kalis perfectly) Good introduction, Howell. You almost sound like you know what you're doing.

HOWELL (O.S.) (over the phone) Thank you, Sir.

GOLDEN

I've cleared a boat to go through the lock. You see it approaching?

HOWELL (O.S.)

I do.

GOLDEN Open up the lock door.

HOWELL (O.S.) But you said that you wouldn't let anybody go through the dam lock. GOLDEN This is urgent! Open up the lock door, you dumb rube!

INT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - DAY

HOWELL (over the phone) Fine, Godammit!

Howell slams the phone down. He starts working the controls.

HOWELL (CONT'D) Lord, I apologize for taking your name in vain. If you could find it in your infinite wisdom to strike Mr. Kalis down, I'd appreciate it.

EXT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCK - DAY

The UPSTREAM lock door slides open.

The patrol boat glides into the lock.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The Seehund glides into the lock.

EXT. MEIGS COUNTY PARK - DAY

It's loud. Helicopters fly around. Kalis studies a ROAD MAP. Golden's PATROL BOAT is visible down in the Dam Lock.

EXT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCK - DAY

The DOWNSTREAM lock door slides open, revealing the CHICKAMAUGA LAKE.

The patrol boat glides out of the lock and into Chickamauga Lake.

INT. SEEHUND - DAY

Richards eyes his watch. It does a countdown "00:02, 00:01".

RICHARDS Time for the big bang. EXT. WATTS BAR LAKE - DAY

An EXPLOSION catapults dirt and water up into the air.

EXT. MEIGS COUNTY PARK - DAY

Kalis hears the explosion and looks down at a PLUME OF DIRT AND WATER shooting up into the air.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - DAY

Golden puts a CELLPHONE up to his ear.

EXT. MEIGS COUNTY PARK - DAY

Kalis' CELLPHONE RINGS. He eyes the CALLER ID - it reads "PRIVATE". A smug look creeps over his face. He answers it.

KALIS (over the phone) Ready to surrender, thief?

EXT. PATROL BOAT - DAY

Golden speaks into the cellphone with a RUSSIAN ACCENT and will speak as such for the duration of this conversation.

GOLDEN (over the phone) If you don't let me off of Watts Bar Lake, I'll start blowing up police boats, Kalis.

KALIS (0.S.) (over the phone) You're bluffing. You're trapped on Watts Bar Lake. There's no way through the lock. Give yourself up.

GOLDEN I have deal for you. If you let us off of lake, I will give you diamonds back.

KALIS (O.S.) No. I'm gonna make my career off of you.

Kalis pushes the END BUTTON on his cellphone.

EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY

The Seehund glides forward. The patrol boat underbelly is visible up on the lake surface.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

David lies on the ground unconscious.

EXT. BARGE - DAY

A pile of TWISTED METAL sits on a barge deck.

A BALLISTICS EXPERT examines a piece of METAL with a TELESCOPE. Kalis and Newman stand above him, watching.

KALIS What do you think it is?

BALLISTICS EXPERT I'll have to get this metal back to the lab and run more thorough tests before I can be certain.

KALIS We don't have time for that. Just give me your best guess.

BALLISTICS EXPERT Ballistics isn't a guessing game.

Kalis writes in his black book.

KALIS I'm making a note that you're not cooperating with my investigation.

The Ballistics Expert is furious. Newman intercedes.

NEWMAN It'll be dark soon. They're calling for rain. We need your help. What's your best guess?

BALLISTICS EXPERT I'm not gonna be held accountable for making uneducated guesses?

NEWMAN

You have my word.

The Ballistics Expert gives Kalis an uneasy look.

BALLISTICS EXPERT My best guess is that this metal is from an old torpedo casing.

Kalis and Newman consider this radical yet plausible idea.

KALIS They were underwater the whole time.

NEWMAN Makes sense. But why would they set off an explosion?

BALLISTICS EXPERT My best guess would be that the explosion was just a diversion.

KALIS Ballistics isn't a guessing game! Get back to work!

The Ballistics Expert throws his hands up in frustration.

NEWMAN So, the explosion was a diversion to do what?

KALIS That's the \$64,000 question.

NEWMAN

The what?

KALIS

Nevermind.

Kalis paces around, thinking. He eyes the Watts Bar Dam. Panic creeps over his face. He grabs his cellphone.

INT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - DAY

The PHONE RINGS. Howell eyes the caller ID. He rolls his eyes, slumps his shoulders and puts the phone up to his ear.

KALIS (0.S.) (over the phone) Did you let anyone through the dam lock?! HOWELL (over the phone) Have you lost your goddamn mind? Lord, I apologize.

KALIS (O.S.) Did you let anyone through?!

HOWELL You called me up and you ordered me to let a patrol boat go through the lock.

KALIS (0.S.) I did not!

HOWELL You did too! Your name came up on my caller ID. I even wrote down the time you called.

KALIS (O.S.) What time was that?

Howell has heard enough. He slams the phone down.

HOWELL Goddamn Yankee! And I ain't apologizing for taking your name in vain anymore, Lord!

A THUNDERBOLT crackles outside.

INT. SEEHUND - DAY

Richards smiles at a PICTURE of Jake and Sarah. He revels with the thought that this mission is almost over.

The ELECTRIC MOTOR makes a HUMMING SOUND. Richards scans the gauges. The light grows darker as the Seehund loses power.

RICHARDS No-no-no-no!

EXT. CHICKAMAUGA LAKE - DAY

It's RAINING now. The Seehund emerges from the lake. The hatch door opens. Richards exits. He eyes the lakewater with fright. His AQUAPHOBIA kicks into high gear.

Golden steers the patrol boat alongside the Seehund. Biggs knows something is wrong.

BIGGS What happened?

RICHARDS The electric motor died.

GOLDEN Turn on the diesel engine then?

RICHARDS It's out of oil. I'm dead in the water here.

BIGGS Should we scuttle the Seehund?

RICHARDS If we scuttle it, they'll find it and they'll track us down.

GOLDEN What do we do then?

RICHARDS We only have two miles to go. We have to tow it.

BIGGS With what? We don't have a tow cable or even a strong chain.

RICHARDS We have the grappling hook, duct tape, metal, we make a tow cable.

GOLDEN Let's do it and do it quick.

INT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCKMASTER OFFICE - DAY

Kalis yells at Howell. Howell delights in Kalis' pain.

KALIS Open the lock doors! We have get down to the Chickamauga Lake!

HOWELL I'll have to fill the lock up with water first.

KALIS

Do it.

HOWELL

Then I'll have to drain the lock back down so you can get your boats onto the Chickamauga Lake.

KALIS How long is that gonna take?

HOWELL A good long while.

KALIS Newman, where's my helicopter?

NEWMAN Refueling, Sir?

KALIS Well, get me another helicopter, then.

NEWMAN They're refueling, too. You had them flying around all day, Sir.

KALIS Howell, start raising the elevation of the lock.

HOWELL Your wish is my command.

EXT. CHICKAMAUGA LAKE - DUSK

It's still raining. The patrol boat chugs forward, towing the Seehund with a MAKE-SHIFT CABLE that is fabricated from duct tape, wet suits, metal rods and the grappling hook.

A SPEED BOAT goes zipping by and doesn't seem to notice the Seehund being towed.

RICHARDS They didn't see us. That's lucky.

GOLDEN I smell the oil now.

BIGGS And the FBI and the cops are gonna smell the oil too.

Richards sees a NARROW WATERWAY up to the left.

RICHARDS Golden, that's our extraction point up ahead. You see it?

GOLDEN

Yes, Sir.

The patrol boat enters the NARROW WATERWAY, sails for a beat and slides up onto a SANDBAR. Golden turns the boat engine off.

RICHARDS Go. I'll get the Seehund ready.

Golden and Biggs slide masks over their heads. They jump onto land and make a Bee-line for a patch of woods.

EXT. WATTS BAR DAM - LOCK - DUSK

An armada of patrol boats speed out of the lock and into Chickamauga Lake.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DUSK

The HYDRAULIC TRUCK CRANE and the TRACTOR TRAILER drive on a gravel road and stop next to the Seehund.

EXT. CHICKAMAUGA LAKE - DUSK

Scanning the lake, Kalis stands on the deck of a SPEEDING PATROL BOAT.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DUSK

The crane lifts the Seehund out of the water.

Richards hears PATROL BOATS APPROACHING.

EXT. CHICKAMAUGA LAKE - DUSK

Scanning the lake, Kalis stands on the deck of the speeding patrol boat. There is a SILHOUETTE in the distance, which is the CRANE lowering the SEEHUND.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD - DUSK

A TARP ROLLER slides over the trailer, concealing the Seehund from our view.

EXT. CHICKAMAUGA LAKE - DUSK

Newman steers the patrol boat. Kalis SNIFFS the air.

KALIS I smell oil! Turn the boat around!

The patrol boat makes a dramatic 180 degree turn. Other boats swerve out of the way and smash into one another.

Kalis scans the lake, sniffing like a hound dog. In the distance the TRUCK CRANE and the TRACTOR TRAILER drive away.

KALIS (CONT'D) I can really smell the oil now! We're getting closer!

The truck crane and the tractor trailer disappear from sight. Kalis looks that way for a moment. He sees nothing. Then he resumes scanning the lake.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 - NIGHT

The truck crane and the tractor trailer drive past a SIGN that reads "WELCOME TO OHIO".

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

Richards gets some much deserved SLEEP.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

David still lies on the ground unconscious.

EXT. PATROL BOAT - NIGHT

Kalis and Newman stand above two UNCONSCIOUS POLICE OFFICERS, whose hands and legs are bound together by duct tape.

EXT. INTERSTATE 75 - NIGHT

The truck crane and the tractor trailer drive past a SIGN that reads "WELCOME TO MICHIGAN".

EXT. ROAD - DAWN

The truck crane and the tractor trailer drive past a SIGN that reads "LAKE HURON 1.3 miles ahead".

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Groggy and disheveled, David stumbles through the room and picks up the phone.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND CENTER - MORNING

Chief Grant enters. Kalis ignores him and studies a map.

CHIEF GRANT A local man named David O'Malley filmed a submarine come up out of Watts Bar Lake.

Chief Grant flings a VIDEO DISK at Kalis. Newman holds back a smile.

CHIEF GRANT (CONT'D) The video footage of the sub is on the disk. Have a good day, Yankee!

Chief Grant exits, laughing.

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

Filled with a sense of euphoria, Richards, Golden and Biggs watch the SEEHUND SINK INTO LAKE HURON.

EXT. UNDERWATER - MORNING

The Seehund plummets through the water.

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

GOLDEN If you gentlemen would kindly excuse me, nature is calling.

Biggs pats Golden on the back.

Golden walks through a door that leads into the cabin.

Richards admires the soft morning sky.

RICHARDS It's a beautiful morning.

BIGGS Feels good to see the sun. RICHARDS Let's get down below and divvy up the diamonds.

Biggs smiles and proudly extends his hand to Richards. They shake hands and share a MOMENT OF CAMARADERIE.

BIGGS Colonel, you're a good man.

RICHARDS So are you, Sergeant.

BIGGS

I'm sorry.

RICHARDS

For what?

BIGGS

This.

Biggs squeezes Richards' hand hard. Richards grimaces in pain and tries to pull his hand away but he can't break free.

RICHARDS

No. Why?

BIGGS

I found the perfect island in the Caribbean but I can't afford it with only one third of the loot.

Biggs yanks Richards forward by the hand and HEADBUTTS him down to the deck.

Richards lies there. Disoriented. He wobbles to his feet but Biggs knocks him right back down.

> BIGGS (CONT'D) This island has an 18-hole golf course and a marina.

Biggs kicks Richards repeatedly.

BIGGS (CONT'D) And a 22,000 square foot mansion for my Ma and my--

Richards plunges a POCKETKNIFE into Biggs's foot.

Biggs screams in pain, hops around, flips over a COOLER and falls down to the deck.

Richards gathers his wits. Biggs pulls the pocketknife out of his foot. They rise to their feet and eye each other.

RICHARDS

I trusted you.

BIGGS That's your biggest flaw. You only see the best in people. That's what makes you weak.

Biggs attacks, launching powerful punches. Richards retreats, blocking the blows.

INT. BOAT - BATHROOM - MORNING

Golden sits on the toilet, reading a football magazine. His headphones play THRASH MUSIC.

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

BAM! Biggs punches Richards into a wall. Richards spies a FIRE EXTINGUISHER mounted on a wall pedestal.

Richards grabs the extinguisher and sprays FOAM into Biggs eyes. Biggs grabs at his face and screams in pain.

Richards swings the extinguisher and smashes Biggs across the face, sending him to the deck unconscious.

Golden exits the cabin door.

GOLDEN What the hell happened?

Richards drops the extinguisher and nurses his ribs.

RICHARDS He attacked me.

GOLDEN Are you hurt?

RICHARDS He broke a few of my ribs and my right leg hurts like the dickens.

GOLDEN How do your hands feel?

RICHARDS What's with all the questions? Golden postures into a FIGHTING STANCE.

GOLDEN The first rule in a combat situation is to ascertain the battle readiness of the enemy.

RICHARDS

I'm not your enemy. There's plenty of money for all of us. Why are you doing this?

GOLDEN I don't like to share. I guess it's because I was only an only child.

Golden circles Richards like a predator.

GOLDEN (CONT'D) You know I'm a black-belt in Jiu-Jitsu, don't you, Colonel?

RICHARDS I was a wrestler in high school, Captain. Wrestlers always beat Jiu-Jitsu fighters.

Golden chuckles.

GOLDEN

You had a losing record. I did my due diligence on you. I know every strength and weakness you have.

RICHARDS

And I you.

GOLDEN You're resourceful. I'll give you that. Hell, you took ole Biggsy out and he's a bull. I'm not gonna take any chances with you, though.

Golden points a RUSSIAN HANDGUN (MP-443 Grach) at Richards.

RICHARDS The bullets are blanks.

GOLDEN Words of a desperate man.

RICHARDS

I told you in the warehouse that I didn't want anyone to get hurt on this mission.

GOLDEN I have nothing to lose if I shoot.

RICHARDS You're gonna look like a fool when you shoot and nothing happens. And you'll know that I outsmarted you.

Golden smiles. Amused with this BATTLE OF WITS.

GOLDEN You could never outsmart me.

RICHARDS

Prove it.

Golden tosses the gun to Richards.

GOLDEN You say the bullets are blanks. I believe you because Ole Honest Abe never lies. Go on. Shoot.

Richards eyes the handgun, wishing it had bullets and drops it.

RICHARDS You win that round.

GOLDEN Against you, I'd win every round. You're too predictable. Too honest. I'm the better man.

RICHARDS

Prove it.

Golden advances, grapples with Richards for a beat, pulls him down to the deck and puts him in a REAR NAKED CHOKE.

Richards gasps for air and tries to break free but he is out of his league in this fight.

GOLDEN I'll light a candle for you and your boy, Colonel.

Richards grabs the HANDGUN from the deck and smashes Golden square on the face.

Richards breaks free and scrambles to his feet but Golden tackles him through the CABIN DOOR.

INT. BOAT CABIN - CONTINOUS

Richards and Golden tumble down a staircase. Sheer force knocks them apart. Richards smashes into a stove. Golden crashes into a cabinet.

Golden rises to his feet and rips a FLAT SCREEN TV off of the wall.

Richards flings PLATES. Golden swings the TV and swats the plates away.

Golden smashes Richards with the TV, sending him crashing into the kitchen table.

Richards grabs a GLASS VASE off of the table and smashes it over Golden's head.

Golden retreats, brushing glass away from his eyes.

Richards sits down at the table and grabs a BBQ LIGHTER and a bottle of LIGHTER FLUID and puts them on his lap.

RICHARDS Golden, you are the better man. Come here. I have an offer that's gonna light you up.

Golden smirks and walks forward.

Richards sprays lighter fluid onto the BBQ lighter flame and sprays a STREAM OF FIRE on Golden.

Golden's clothes CATCH FIRE. He screams in pain, charges up the stairs and exits the cabin.

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

Golden does the STOP, DROP AND ROLL TECHNIQUE, which puts the fire out. He rises to his feet and eyes Richards.

GOLDEN I can't be killed!

A MACHETE impales Golden through the heart. He drops to the deck, revealing Biggs, who has BADLY INFLAMED EYES.

BIGGS Golden, I told you I was gonna kill you, boy.

Richards is stunned. He eyes Golden's lifeless body. Then he tries to reason with Biggs.

RICHARDS Biggsy, we can split the diamonds in half and go our separate ways.

BIGGS I grew up dirt poor. Half is fine.

Biggs extends his hand for a handshake. Richards smirks.

RICHARDS Fool me once, shame on you; fool me twice, shame on me.

BIGGS Killing Golden felt sweet. Killing you is gonna feel bittersweet.

RICHARDS If I let you have all of the diamonds, will you let me go home?

BIGGS Winner takes all, baby.

Richards nods. He quickly devises a plan to combat Biggs' superior size, speed and strength.

RICHARDS Let's have a drink first.

Richards opens the cooler, grabs TWO BOTTLED BEERS and tosses one to Biggs. They open the beers, "toast" one another and take a drink.

BIGGS What was that Iraqi kid's name? You know, the one who carried that RPG everywhere he went.

RICHARDS

Um... Pazhman.

BIGGS

Pazhman.

RICHARDS

Why are you thinking about that kid right now?

BIGGS

He reminded me of myself. He was ten and he provided everything for his Mom and his siblings.

RICHARDS And he got himself killed by that warlord.

BIGGS Exactly. I've busted my ass my entire life for my family and what do I have to show for it? Nothing!

RICHARDS

Life is tough.

BIGGS

You don't know tough! I went a week without eating when I was a kid. I'm never gonna be poor again.

Biggs pounds his beer and flings the bottle into the lake. He threateningly approaches Richards.

Richards throws his beer bottle at Biggs but he swats it away. Richards advances and RAKES BIGGS' LEFT EYE OUT.

Biggs screams in pain and throws wild punches. Richards stays at a distance and unloads jabs to Biggs's right eye.

Biggs grabs Richards and BEAR-HUGS him. Richards gasps for air and tries to pull away but to no avail. He's almost dead!

BIGGS (CONT'D) For poking my eye out, I'm gonna kill your wife and son.

This threat gives Richards a second wind. He BITES BIGGS' NOSE OFF! Biggs drops Richards to the deck.

Biggs screams, stumbles backwards and FALLS ONTO THE MACHETE that is sticking out of Golden's corpse.

Richards stands above Biggs, who is spitting up blood and fighting off death.

RICHARDS You guys killed each other. BIGGS

Colonel.

RICHARDS

Yes, Sergeant.

BIGGS Give my share... to my Ma. Promise

me... Honest Abe... never lies.

RICHARDS

I'll give your Ma your share. You have my word. I promise.

Biggs smiles weakly and dies.

Richards opens the cooler, grabs a beer, opens it, takes a drink and admires the beauty of Lake Huron.

RICHARDS (CONT'D) Mhmm. I'm not scared of water anymore. But now I'm scared of working with other people.

INT. NEWS STUDIO - MORNING

A NEWS ANCHOR looks at the camera and smiles.

NEWS ANCHOR Hello, I am Tara Goins, thank you for allowing us into your homes this morning.

A TV SCREEN next to the anchor shows a CAMCORDER VIDEO of the Seehund emerging out of Watts Bar Lake.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D) Our top story takes place right here in East Tennessee. A World War 2 mini-submarine known as a Seehund was used to steal nearly 44 million dollars worth of diamonds.

The TV screen shows a SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of three masked men working in a gas filled vault.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D) The images you see are from the robbery. Many questions remain. Where are the diamonds? Where is the Seehund? Where is the Russian crew? The TV screen shows a crowd of ROWDY AMERICANS burning Russian flags in front of the RUSSIAN EMBASSY.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D) The Russian government has vehemently denied any knowledge of this diamond robbery.

The TV screen shows a NEWS REPORTER and David O'Malley standing on a lake bank.

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D) And joining us this morning with a very special report is Wendy Lavin. Good morning, Wendy.

EXT. LAKE BANK - MORNING

REPORTER

Good morning, Tara. Our next guess is David O'Malley: an amateur film maker and a nature lover. How does it feel to be a national hero, David?

DAVID

Incredible.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

A TV SCREEN shows David being interviewed by the reporter.

AL MORELLI (an FBI UNIT CHIEF) turns the TV off. He tries to control his fury as he looks at Kalis and Newman.

FBI UNIT CHIEF This is a catastrophe! Director Totenkopf wants both of you in D.C. today!

EXT. J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING - DAY

A shot of the J. EDGAR HOOVER BUILDING.

INT. FBI DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Newman enters. Nervous as hell. Walks with rickety knees.

Totenkopf circles his desk, applies a ready-made-smile and greets Newman with a two-handed handshake.

TOTENKOPF Good to meet you, Bo. You don't mind if I call you Bo, do you?

NEWMAN That's fine, Director Totenkopf.

TOTENKOPF Horace. Call me Horace. Hell, we both went to Cornell. We even pledged the same fraternity.

NEWMAN I'm actually in your family line.

TOTENKOPF I know, little brother. Sit down.

Newman sits. Totenkopf asks a leading question.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) Bo, would you like a cup of coffee? I made it myself.

A sheepish grin comes over Newman's face.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) I can't blame you for pissing in Mr. Kalis' coffee. The behavior that he exhibited during the course of his investigation down in Tennessee is completely unacceptable. Would you agree?

NEWMAN

Yes.

TOTENKOPF

All of our success here at the FBI is predicated on our ability to communicate effectively with those inside and outside of the Bureau.

Newman nods.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) We failed spectacularly on this basic tenet down in Tennessee. The American people are furious and we have an angry billionaire who is screaming for blood.

Newman nods.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D)

This crisis has devolved into a political mess. The only people who survive this type of thing are team players.

Newman nods. What else can he do.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) You were the only person with Mr. Kalis for the duration of this failed operation. Now, I know that you're fond of Mr. Kalis, him being your mentor and all, yes?

NEWMAN

Um, yes.

TOTENKOPF

I'm certain that when you meet with The Office of Professional Responsibility, you'll tell them about Mr. Kalis' wicked behavior, despicable tactics and total disregard for public safety.

NEWMAN Honesty is the best policy.

TOTENKOPF Good man. We understand each other. You have a bright future, Bo.

NEWMAN Thank you. You think we'll ever find out who stole the diamonds?

TOTENKOPF

We always do.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - DAY

FBI agents review a surveillance video of a masked man who has his HAND ON HIS FOREHEAD and his PINKY FINGER ON HIS NOSE.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Kalis stands at attention, sweating bullets. He scans the room, which is full of UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE MEMORABILIA.

Kalis eyes a NAMEPLATE that reads "GERALD THOMPSON".

Then he sees a PHOTO of John Williamson, Burly Thompson (Fort Loudon Dam Lockmaster) and his twin brother, GERALD THOMPSON (cleanly shaven face, FBI SECTION CHIEF).

Kalis gulps hard.

KALIS

Twins!

A BIG MAN walks past Kalis and sits down at a desk.

Silence.

Kalis stares straight forward.

Unbearable silence.

Kalis looks down and sees Gerald Thompson staring at him.

GERALD My twin brother, Burly, and my cousin John send their regards!

INT. RICHARDS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah puts books in a box. We hear the front door open and close. Richards enters. Sarah sees his FACIAL INJURIES.

SARAH What happened to you?!

RICHARDS I got into a fight.

SARAH

With who?

RICHARDS Some friends.

SARAH Some friends you have.

RICHARDS That's an understatement.

SARAH Did you get the money?

RICHARDS A boatload of it.

Sarah cries and laughs at the same time.

SARAH

Thank God.

Sarah hugs Richards and HITS HIS RIBS.

RICHARDS

Ow!

SARAH Your friends did some job on you.

RICHARDS You should see them.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Sarah and Richards watch a group of nurses wheel Jake's gurney down a hallway.

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM

The SURGEON studies an MRI-SCAN of Jake's brain, where we see a DARK MASS, which is a TUMOR.

The surgeon slides a state of the art tracking system known as a "STEALTH" (looks like a metal pen) along Jake's head and identifies where the tumor is located.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM

Sarah and Richards sit quietly, hoping for the best, trying to block out their worst fears.

RICHARDS

We tried for years to have a baby and we never got past the first trimester. And just when I gave up hope, you got pregnant and we had Jake. He's a gift from God.

SARAH

He was two pounds and seven ounces when he was born. All the Doctors said that he wouldn't make it but he proved them wrong. He's gonna survive this and prove them wrong again.

INT. OPERATING ROOM

The surgeon performs a BRAIN OPERATION on Jake.

INT. WAITING ROOM

Sarah and Richards helplessly sit there as the hours go by.

The surgeon enters.

Sarah and Richards watch him approach with bated breath.

SURGEON We removed the tumor.

Sarah and Richards exchange a relieved look.

SURGEON (CONT'D) But Jake developed a blood clot. He had a heart attack. His brain is swelling badly.

RICHARDS

Oh, my God.

SARAH

Is Jake going to live?

SURGEON

The next twelve hours are critical. You might want to consider having a priest give Jake the last rites.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAKE'S ROOM

A PRIEST administers THE LAST RITES to Jake.

INT. HOSPITAL - CHAPEL

Richards kneels at a pew, looking up at a STATUE OF JESUS CHRIST.

RICHARDS I'm not gonna beg for forgiveness for stealing those diamonds. You're supposed to always fight for life. Please, spare Jake. Punish me in his place.

Richards does the SIGN OF THE CROSS.

INT. HOSPITAL - JAKE'S ROOM - MORNING

It's sunny outside. Sarah and Richards are exhausted.

JAKE (O.S.)

Dad.

Sarah and Richards break into TEARS OF JOY.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

A MAILBOX reads "BIGGS".

An OLD AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN opens the mailbox, grabs an envelope, opens it, pulls out a CASHIER'S CHECK and her eyes well up with tears.

The check reads: Pay to the order of WANDA BIGGS \$14,701,200.

INT. CONSTITUTION HALL - DAY

Super: 4 years later.

Totenkopf and Newman pose for a photo, holding a PLAQUE that reads "FBI DIRECTOR'S AWARD OF EXCELLENCE".

INT. PIZZERIA - DAY

Kalis, now a DELIVERY BOY, shoves pizza boxes into a hot-bag. His manager MRS. EVERGREEN, an androgynous person with a unibrow, scornfully watches him.

> MRS. EVERGREEN I'm sick and tired of my customers getting freebies because you're a nincompoop!

Mrs. Evergreen points to a WALL SIGN that reads "pizza delivery guaranteed in 29 minutes or it's free".

MRS. EVERGREEN (CONT'D) Remember our motto, 29 minutes or it's free! You got it, Kalis?!

KALIS Yes, Sir, Mr. Evergreen.

MRS. EVERGREEN It's Mrs. Evergreen! I'm a woman!

KALIS

Really? I'm sorry.

MRS. EVERGREEN Kalis, you like TV catchphrases, don't ya? This one's directly from Donald Trump, you're fired!

EXT. FARM HOUSE - MORNING

The sun shines on an old-fashioned FARM HOUSE. An old truck with IOWA LICENSE PLATES sits on the driveway.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Richards, Sarah and Jake, who is now 10 years old, sit around a plentiful table, saying THE GRACE PRAYER.

FAMILY Bless us, O' Lord, and these Thy gifts, which we are about to receive, from Thy bounty, through Christ our Lord, Amen.

The family performs the sign of the cross. Richards looks at Jake and smiles.

EXT. FARM FIELD - MORNING

An endless field of CORN.

Richards inspects a corn stalk.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY

Jake walks up to the batter's box and gets into his hitting stance.

The pitcher fires a fastball. Jake swings and misses.

Sitting on ALUMINUM STANDS, Richards and Sarah cheer.

The pitcher throws a fastball. Jake swings and foul tips it.

RICHARDS Keep your eye on the ball and swing through it, Jake!

The pitcher throws another fastball. Jake swings and nubs the baseball down the third baseline and runs toward first base.

The third baseman fields the baseball with his bare hand and flings it to the first baseman but Jake beats the play out and the umpire yells--

UMPIRE

Safe!

Richards and Sarah cheer for Jake.

SARAH I'm gonna get a soda and a hot dog. You want?

RICHARDS Thanks. Two dogs. Lots of ketchup.

SARAH Ketchup on a hotdog.

Sarah smiles and walks down the stands. Richards smiles and looks at Jake, who stands on first base.

A WELL DRESSED MAN sits down behind Richards.

TOTENKOPF (0.S.) What's the score?

RICHARDS It's still 0-0.

TOTENKOPF (O.S.) You know anything about minisubmarines, Comrade?

Richards has been caught. But he plays it cool. He smiles, spins around and sees Totenkopf.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) Honest Abe.

RICHARDS Afternoon, Horace.

TOTENKOPF Your boy is looking real good.

RICHARDS Thanks. What are you doing here?

TOTENKOPF How'd you do it?

RICHARDS

Do what?

TOTENKOPF

We've done simulations for the last 4 years and we still can't get the Seehund through the Watts Bar Dam.

RICHARDS

Seehund?

TOTENKOPF You created a lot of problems for us with the Russians.

RICHARDS Russians? I'm confused.

TOTENKOPF Don't play with me. Agents have this field completely surrounded.

Richards casually scans the baseball field. Umpires. Fans. Moms. Dads. Any of these people could be an FBI agent.

> TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) You had us beat. We'd given up the investigation. You know what broke the case for us?

Richards shrugs his shoulders.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) You have a unique way of putting your hand to your face when you watch TV. It just came to me one day when I was on the can.

Richards has no response. He waits to be arrested.

TOTENKOPF (CONT'D) You can keep what you stole, so long as you pull off a job for your dear Uncle Sam.

RICHARDS What if I say no?

TOTENKOPF You're molding your boy into a fine young man. Fatherless kids are far more likely to drop out of school, commit suicide, start doing drugs. Just look at the statistics.

Jake waves to Richards. He smiles proudly and waves back.

TOTENKOPF

North Korea.

Richards' heart is pounding. His mind is racing. But he hides his tattered nerves and claps and cheers for Jake.

Jake steals second base.